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Maclean's

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 5, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 45



Strong bid for autonomy

An appeal to an initially sympathetic Quebec government to provide full municipal status to a community of 400 Hasidic Jews has precipitated both curiosity and criticism. **Page 6**

Prague's secret trials

In a now discredited as regressing toward the "archaic" Stone Age, six Czech dissidents were sentenced to jail terms that have caused an outcry from the West. **Page 31**



COVER STORY

But is Hart?

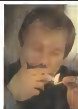
With their works no longer restricted to gallery walls or political contemporary artists are attempting once again to transform self-expression into mirrors of real life rather than reflections of abstract high culture. New technology and an epidemic fascination with modern media have recast the old adage into a look at the social being by using trademark models and video tape images. **Page 33**

A corner of the blanket

Unwilling their freedom of information legislation will work, the Tories have taken the first step in dissuading some of the clouds surrounding government operations. **Page 24**

Hot Lips moves on

After four years of performing as a jazz singer, Sally Kestelman has returned to the screen and finally dispelled the Hot Lips image acquired by her role in *Grease*. **Page 41**



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Freedom of information is not extinct; it was just in hibernation

By Robert Lewis

The starting point for a freedom of information law is a freedom of information attitude. Joe Clark informed the House of Commons in June 1976. He sounded rather like an ornithologist discussing the dove, for in the preceding 11 years in Ottawa the words **SECRET**, **CONFIDENTIAL** and **RESTRICTED** had become synonymous with government. The concept of "freedom of information" was about to become extinct, at least in many Liberal circles.

As a 1970 MP, Clark was refused access to a routine document because of the surrounding **CONFIDENTIAL** stamp it bore. As Clark walked away, the uncomfortable official blurted out: "Around here, we stamp **CONFIDENTIAL** on toilet paper." That clip was not far off the mark, for even the daily summary of press clippings, prepared for Pierre Trudeau's government, were treated like secrets of state.

But if the spirit of the new government's freedom of information bill (see page 28)—justifiably well received—is incarnated in letter and practice, the country is in for a healthy, if hasty, army of official disclosures. For the first time in Confederation's history, federal legislation would spell out what citizens can ask to see—and put the onus on the government to explain any refusal.

At its best, such an act would attack the growing tendency of an unselected bureaucracy to accumulate influence by withholding the goods. It would serve notice that an embossed rubber stamp gives no sufficient shelter for the fast-luggers, the industrious and the dishonest in government. A case in point early in the Clark administration came when Health Minister David Crombie learned that the Liberals, in government, had refused requests for a \$550,000 study of the bivalve-pollution poisoning of Corvus Island in the St. Lawrence River. But at the same time,

the government had proposed spending \$1 million to move a school away from the airborne particles. Crombie learned of this strange contradictory behavior, not from his department, but from the area's MP, Liberal Ed Lumley. It is in the area of environmental threats that the new law might do the

like the Quaker Wilde character who said "It is always nice to be expected and not to arrive." The major obstacles in its path are a host of legal complexities which promise to trip up the smallest of litigious hounders. A senior civil servant can, for instance, refuse to release reports if he or she believes "on reasonable grounds that the results are misleading", if the reported testing is done on a fee-for-service basis, or, in a catchall caveat, if disclosure "would prejudice the case or result of particular tests or audits." But those loopholes



most good. Cornwall Island's pollution points up North America's headlining, unacknowledged rush into an era of chemical and carcinogenic chaos—airborne symptoms are Love Canal, and run. Three Mile Island and much more. Far too long, for example, government food-inspection reports and environmental health studies have been locked away in the inner sanctums of power, where the term "civil servants" took leave of its derivation. The Clark government bill stipulates that departments now must release "the results of product or environmental testing."

However, there is a large gap between the parliamentary order paper and a "freedom of information attitude." And for all the bill's promise, it may end up

seen minuscule compared to the yawning gap apparent in the stipulations that any other federal law requiring information to be withheld from the general public overrides the freedom of information act. Federal statutes are bristling with some 100 restrictions of this sort—including two key bills on environmental contaminants and hazardous products.

The success of this bill, therefore, will be determined by the manner in which the government—not to mention the federal court—defines the "public interest" against the special pleading. By itself, a freedom of information act will not produce a golden age, any more than an endangered species law would have kept the last dodo out of the stew.



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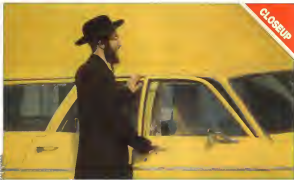
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A strange bid for autonomy

By David Thomas

Like determined homesteaders, television news crews dove toward the gate to a General Motors plant near Montreal, methodically extracting with their lenses and microphones the perishable essence of the day's excitement—20th-century town criers at work. Not far away, a tight community of Hasidic Jews would remain oblivious to the news, without television, radio or newspapers, the 600 Hasidim, belonging to a sect called Tashver, have made ignorance of the world around them a precept of their sect. Until recently, their own presence at Bonaventure, just north of Montreal, was discreet, unknown to the multitudes for whom television, not the Talmud, is the arbiter of thought and behavior.

Now the Tashver sect's insulation has been rent—shaded, ironically, by its own scheme to reinforce its independence. Early this year, the Hasidim began flouting and cajoling Quebec's Parti Québécois government in an appeal for full municipal status and the power to turn their religious rules into laws. When the Quebec government appeared sympathetic to the plan, it

planned the cinema, radio and television for what, at first, looked like a bright, good story of human harmony.

Here was Quebec's government, obsessed with the genuity of French language and culture, hand in hand with a Yiddish-speaking enclave where, according to tradition rooted in the history of Eastern European Jewry, married women must shave their heads and boys and girls must never touch until they are paired for marriage by matchmakers. A community where divorce is rare because, in the words of its patriarch and ambulator driver, Israel Lewin: "We can never feel we guided the wrong person—we didn't have a choice."

Then, slowly, doubts emerged about the wisdom of granting temporal authority to a ghetto. Most recently, some government officials have become suspicious of the sect's intermediary with the outside world, a Liverpoolian accountant and non-practising rabbi named Philip Klein, who wears a striped suit below his yarmulke and speaks with an accent and vocabulary reminiscent of early-Bundes dodekade

evidence of Klein's wheedling and dealing had made some suspicious that the rabbi's plans for Bonaventure may have as much—or more—to do with the profit motive as with entrenching a religious enclave.

Klein came to the Tashver village after the 1955 provincial election, announced from England by the sect's Grand Rab-

bi, Pinchas Levey. The Grand Rabbi's community had grown and needed an administrator who could handle the sect's temporal affairs. Levey inherited the title of Grand Rabbi while in Auschwitz—where his father was slain by the Nazis. After emigrating to Canada, Levey built a following in the Montreal suburb of Outremont. In 1963, he

bought an expanse of farmland north of Montreal in the municipality of Bonaventure. The community began with just his yeshiva and a handful of homes around the rabbinical college. As the numbers of staff and followers increased, modest bungalows, schools and clubs—a kosher slaughterhouse were built, and the community acquired the autonomy and look of improvisation suggestive of northern native settlements.

Upon arriving in this small community, Klein quickly proved his worth. After the November '78 elections, when most Quebec Jews were apprehensive about their future in the province, Klein built, with government financing, 76 units of housing in modern, rent-subsidized blocks in Bonaventure. Grateful for Ottawa's assistance, Klein named one of the new streets Rue André Ouellet, after the former federal Liberal minister of urban affairs.

Klein then went after provincial rent subsidies, asking the province to bend its regulations by making the Hasidic community eligible. In thanks, the community would name a street in honor of the provincial Affairs Minister Guy Tardif. The minister did bend the rules, but refused to allow his name to be posted



on street signs. Says an aide: "It would have been politically gross." Undaunted, Klein suggested the Hasidim might designate a "November 15 Park" in commemoration of the PQ's electoral victory. At the same time, he was lobbying for government support of the community's bid to have its own laws similar to Hasidic municipalities in New York state.

Klein explains his approach: "It's politics, which is perfectly legitimate for any pressure group. We are international in some ways but, curiously, we support the country in which we are. But, you know, with all due respect, it depends on what the government does for us back."

The mayor and councillors of the surrounding municipality of Bonaventure were not opposed to the idea. It would mean the setting of an old tax dispute with the Hasidim and an end to the always delicate, though friendly, relations with the sect. The provincial government, anxiously barbed with a reputation for anti-Semitism, saw in the idea a way to demonstrate its tolerance and Klein knew how to make that demonstration work well for both the PQ and his sect. In July he told Toronto's *Globe and Mail*: "This is the best government Jews have ever had in Quebec." Then, to make sure the message reached its mark, Klein gave a copy of the story to one of Tardif's officials. And last January the Grand Rabbi himself wrote the municipal affairs minister with tantalizing wishes for the New Year: "I pray that the Almighty will help and guide you on the road you have chosen."

Another act sure to please the government was a decision by Tashver parents to teach their young girls only French and Yiddish, the community's principal languages. No English would be learned. Explains Klein: "The mothers decided that the girls' school should teach secular studies in French only, so that they would be able to go out shopping."

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Frontlines

this extremely generous generosity of Jews. So it included the story of the sect's appeal for municipal status in the Aug. 6 edition of *Quebec Update*, an official newsletter for American business leaders published in New York City. "It will be the first time the Haudenews have formed their own municipality in Canada, thus enabling them to pass laws and regulations in keeping with their own traditions," said the report. "Boroughhood status will be asked to approve the plan this autumn and then a bill will be introduced in the Quebec National Assembly to set up the town."

The government bulletin caught the attention of a pair of U.S. investors who, according to Klein, offered to give the new municipality an economic base by constructing an aluminum recycling plant which originally had been planned for Ontario. Klein began dealing for a piece of land for the plant in Bamberland's nearby industrial park and, as a lever in bargaining, he suggested the Haudenews would build the plant on their own land if they could not get a spot in the industrial park at a reasonable price.

That was not Klein's first attempt to bring industry to the religious community. An earlier try failed because of differences between him and unskilled workers at a carpet factory that Klein had tried to buy. Unsuccessful by a promise not to lay off the present work force for at least five years and unhappy with the idea of making Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, a day of rest rather than Sunday, the union refused to bargain new working conditions before the plant was purchased. Klein abandoned the project. "I may look stupid, but I ain't," he remarked later.

He planned for the investment money to come from wealthy Americans and Montreal business leaders, including the Seagram Company Ltd.'s Executive Committee Chairman Charles Bronfman. "Part of the deal was that Charlie Bronfman was going to let us manufacture the machinery on the Orono Royal bags—1½ million of them a year." But a Bronfman spokesman told Maclean's there was never such a deal.

As Klein's business lagging became known, enthusiasm for the idea of a separate municipality waned among the Haudenews' neighbors. Suddenly, it was no longer a quiet religious community that was being proposed, but a town with its own industrial economy in competition with that of Bamberland itself. Annoyed when he learned about the planned industrial projects, which he was not aware of at the outset of negotiations, Bamberland Mayor Nolan Pili-

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Frontlines

treach' was cited in his support for a Ha-
sadic municipality.

Then on Saturday, Sept. 20, the roof fell in. Dunes of Boishraud's 13,000 French-speaking residents were called by a private polling firm and asked whether they favored creation of a Ha-
sadic municipality. Local politicians dis-
covered the poll was being conducted
only after the wife of a Boishraud coun-
cillor was questioned. Klein denies that
he commissioned the poll. Quebec
officials say that it was he who passed
on the results to them.

By an unhappy coincidence—for
Klein—the poll was held on the day
Montreal's daily *La Presse* appeared
with a full-page article wondering, in
its headline, "Does Quebec want to in-
tegrate a ghetto?" The story, by re-
spected journalist Lyonnée Gagnon,
made *L'abbé de Boishraud* a political
outcast, and the politician backed
off at high speed. Gagnon's questioning
article brought the media flock back for
a second look, this time without the
mis-colored filters over their lenses,
and Boishraud's *Hasidim* got the hard
news instead of the human interest
treatment.

By mid-October, Mayor Filabault
refused to consider holding a refer-
endum on the Hasidic separation unless
promised to do so by Boishraud citi-
zens, and then only if the *Hasidim* paid
the \$15,000 expenses involved (which
Klein says he would do). But with all of
Boishraud's councillors firmly against
the project, there seems little chance
that the *Hasidim* will succeed.

In Quebec City, meanwhile, inquiries
about Boishraud are answered by em-
barassed groans. Wary of Klein's
methods and ambitions, one official
wondered if the community knew of or
appreciated the ramifications of Klein's
moves. Bemoaning that the *Hasidim*
have more control over behavior within
their community now than they would
if ever it were constituted as a demo-
cratic municipality, the official said: "I
think it's really a question of money."
Klein's actions are such that the gov-
ernment could suspect that he is not
after religious autonomy as much as an
industrial tax base and the right to in-
sulate municipal bonds. Embarrassed pro-
vincial politicians hope the affair will
simply evaporate.

Blinded at its new complexion, the
story of the Tasher men's striving for
self-government has become just an-
other confrontation ideally suited for
the nightly news. Strangely, most of the
devout, media-mad Tasher *Hasidim*
will probably never learn the ex-
tent of Klein's dealings in their
name. ☐

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A boy king, a gold coffin, a treasure map—these elements of high intrigue came together when Howard Carter stumbled into King Tutankhamun's final resting place 92 years ago. The fascination of every real scholar, clergy and layman still rages as the first of 800,000 visitors pass through the turnstiles of the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto this week to see for themselves "the strange animals, statues and gold" that Carter, after a five-year quest, had discovered.

What the British archaeologist found was a cache of priceless relics and a story told in gold and silver of a teenage king who died in 1325 BC. Death



The crumbling glory of Egypt—ruins of the Temple of Amon, near Luxor (right). Statue of Ramses II in a museum near Memphis. The gods of man and nature



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Frontlines



Tutankhamun's coffin, tip of a legacy

came to Tutankhamun, supreme ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt, from a blow to the back of his head. He was 18 or 19 and in his short life had ruled for a decade. *Queen of the Nile* (1994) is a book by the author of the book, which is a biography of the young pharaoh and his life. It is a book that is a must-read for anyone who is interested in the history of Egypt. The book is a biography of the young pharaoh and his life. It is a book that is a must-read for anyone who is interested in the history of Egypt.

If there was a curse of Tutankhamun, it was not death to the tomb's discoverers, a speculation suggested by the demise of Carter's patron, Lord Carnarvon, a year after the find. The true curse has turned out to be the destruction of ancient monuments that followed. Vandals, trade archeologists, dig, urban growth, poverty and unrelenting nature have left the country's wealth of antiquity in a shambles.

The once-majestic Sphinx in Giza is crumbling. Five years ago, its visage was reinforced with a protective coating of barium pigment, but now archeologists intent on permanent reconstruction face a more serious quandary. As the Cairo newspaper of 480000 warned recently: "Unless the right medicines and treatment is applied, the neck could give in."

Looking from afar at the Great Pyramid, which stands in the same area, the past is almost palpable. Close up, the once-smooth blocks of its composition are obviously disintegrating. And the pyramid itself is not protected from even's encroachment—ready barbarians in hazy sandstone part way up its side.

For Egyptologists, struggling to preserve the past, the task is immense and frustrating. At Chicago House in Luxor, scientists from the University of Chicago are desperate to document the evidence on pharaonic monuments before time and the environment erase them. But for some monuments their efforts are too late. Saqqara has already descended. Queen Nefertiti's tomb, and the remains of Seti I in Karnak in Upper Egypt are rapidly disappearing. As the

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director of Chicago House, Dr. Larry Bell, observed: "To not watch the fabric of these monuments decompose is front of you."

Egypt depends almost entirely on foreign aid and know-how to preserve its cultural heritage. Its most beautiful gallery, the new Louvre Museum, was designed and built by foreign firms. The

Pharaoh Temple on the Nile River. Conduits of flooding rivers and the invader's sword



country's older institutions, such as the 77-year-old Egyptian Museum in Cairo (comprised by one American Egyptologist to "a condensed post-high school in Pittsburgh"), struggle to survive. There will be no direct losses from the travelling Tut show. Profit from the three-year project has instead been used to finance the sound-and-light shows at the Great Pyramids and at temples in Upper Egypt and to restore selected ancient monuments.

This fall, the Egyptian Antiquities Organization appealed to the 800-member International Association of Egyptologists for surveys of the country's threatened sites. From a branch office in Cairo, a team of experts will establish a priority list of the country's most endangered treasures. Still, the future looks bleak. Says the Royal Ontario Museum's Egyptian curator, Mark Millett: "Unlike the experts that was expressed about the sinking of Venice, where people could see what they were losing, many of Egypt's most valuable monuments still lie under the desert. It will take a lot of work to get people involved in saving them."

On a trip to Cairo last fall, a group of Canadians was prevented from photographing the famous tomb of the City of the Dead, which now houses thousands of homeless in its mausoleum and sepulchres. In its vast past, the ancient sites that are disintegrating, the city's monuments themselves are collapsing and their inhabitants have been forced to dwell elsewhere.

Egypt's past continues to exert its force—on the daily lives of its people and on its major sources of foreign revenue, tourism. Official publicity calls Egypt "the largest outdoor museum in the world" and, in spite of centuries of encroachment by desert, flooding rivers and the invader's sword, the art of Egypt survives. Its beauty is weathered but retains its grace, its power and its lure—there are still the tombs of Theban and Alexander to find. While these ancient glories might rival King Tut's treasures, the greatest challenge will be to save what the past has already released.

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In Washington, where politics as often as not is conducted over brandy and cigars—the rough edges of disputation smoothed through social intercourse—Alejandro Orfila may be the wheel player in the game. He is a shrewd and a dealer and a charmer. He is also a romantic Latin whose substance is all in his remarkable style.

Orfila, an Argentine, is secretary-general of the Organization of American States (OAS), but he delights in breaking the bureaucratic mold. He performs like a master of over-the-top, running his show from grand marble-bellied headquarters in the American capital. Part of his job is to get the world—the U.S., in particular—to sit up, notice the OAS and give it more financial aid. It's the way he does it, exuberant "normal" diplomacy in favor of publicity-congruence and lavish party-giving, which has raised eyebrows.

Orfila is at home with big names and beautiful women, although he is more of a Johnny Carson than a Henry Kissinger. For example, when the Panama Canal treaty was signed, he stole the day by having his stunning German wife, Hella, turn up with a neckline open to her navel. She was seated next to First Lady Rosalynn Carter, who wore a

Orfila: more is Johnny Carson than a Kissinger

high-necked dress and a disapproving pout. The resulting photo gained international exposure for the event.

Some time ago he gave a huge party after a Kennedy Center benefit concert. The only real reason was that Jackie Kennedy was honorary chairwoman of the event, and by holding the bash he got to be her date. Questioned at the time about his motives, he replied: "You ask me who do you invite people from the Kennedy Center to the OAS? Because we'll have 3,000 people who are rich. And anybody who can afford to pay 3,000 bucks [the cost of the benefit tickets] is first of all a person of motivation and, secondly, a leader in their field. If I can sweep the interest of American leaders in the OAS, then I have made a terrific investment of time, effort and money. I produce social turmoil so that people will know what the OAS stands for."

The OAS, founded in 1948, stands for mutual understanding and co-operation among nations of the Western Hemisphere. It has long been its goal to induce Canada to join but that, however, is unlikely to occur. Ottawa has chosen instead to support various OAS agricultural and educational institutions while sending only a "permanent observer" to the OAS's Washington, D.C., headquarters.

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Holga is a disapproving pearl from Residency

the OAS's most pressing concern is whether to re-elect Orfila for a second term. The decision (in late October) will be partly a judgment on gossip-column diplomacy and partly on whether the organization should stay with its gadfly or wait him out until he is a leader with a more conservative image.

If Orfila, 54, is returned, he will doubtless set out to disprove a Canadian embassy official in Washington, who said "Full membership in the OAS would give Canada no advantages which it does not already have." Membership might mean more invitations to Orfila's famous parties—which is, no one would dispute, "The social life in Washington," Orfila says, "is to me the difference between success and failure in whatever you do." And there is little doubt that he has brought the OAS attention that his predecessors failed to deliver using formal diplomacy.

However, he has run into a lot of hard knocks for using the splendid two-building he has shined it is hard to justify holding hard-club balls and society benefits there when they have nothing to do with Latin America. The turmoil he creates has caused some fans among American critics who point out that the U.S. now pays 60 per cent of the OAS annual budget of \$80 million. President Jimmy Carter has decided this during the next four years, the U.S. contribution will be cut by one per cent a year.

Should Orfila lose the election, he will be philosophical. Some time ago, he said "I was an ambassador at 35. I know what it means to be an ambassador one day and not an ambassador the next. That is why I want people to call me Alex, not Mr. Ambassador or Mr. Secretary. Thus the day I am no longer the big deal, the powerful figure, people will still call me Alex."

William Lowther

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- 1979 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1980 Bill Stewart, Ottawa
- 1981 Peter Ladan, Calgary
- 1982 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1983 George Kird, Saskatchewan
- 1984 David Coleman, Calgary
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 George Dixon, Montreal
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- 1988 Jackie Parker, Saskatchewan
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- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
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- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 John Barrow, Hamilton
- 1984 Frank Barnett, Winnipeg
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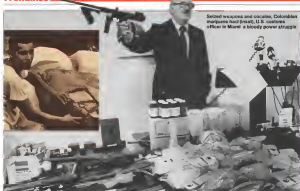
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- 1986 Harvey Pryke, Calgary
- 1987 Tony Papenbrock, Calgary
- 1988 Sam Stewart, Ottawa
- 1989 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1990 Ken Stewart, Hamilton
- 1991 Jerry James, Winnipeg
- 1992 Norm MacNeil, Edmonton
- 1993 Norm MacNeil, Edmonton
- 1994 Jerry James, Winnipeg





Seized weapons and cocaine, Colombian marijuana (left), U.S. customs officer in Miami: a bloody power struggle

The Florida connection

By William Lowther

A few days after *James Panessa* and his bodyguard were machine-gunned to death—"They looked like Swiss cheese," said the medical examiner—three Canadians were arrested at Miami International Airport. Police say they were drug couriers carrying cocaine, supplied by Panessa's gang, en route for the Toronto market. In a way, the Canadians were victims of one of the most vicious and ruthless crime wars in the history of the United States. It's believed they were "shopped"—or turned over to the police—by a rival gang; the same one that pumped 50 bullets into Panessa.

This is a war that matches the one in Northern Ireland when it comes to ferocity in violence and murder. And, as in Ireland, there is no end in sight. "As long as life is cheaper than cocaine, they're not going to quit killing," says Duval County (Miami) homicide Lieutenant Robert Willis. Five competing gangs, made up almost exclusively of Colombians and Cubans, are fighting it out for supremacy in the billion-dollar trade which, by some estimates, has surpassed tourism as the biggest industry in Florida.

The drug smuggling got under way on a large scale about 15 years ago in southern Florida. For the first 10 years it was controlled by "the Cuban Mafia," mostly refugees from Castro's Cuba, many of them trained guerrilla fighters and Bay of Pigs veterans. They brought in steadily increasing amounts of cocaine and marijuana, principally from Colombia. But the Cubans became greedy; they gave their Colombian suppliers only a small share of the profits and often failed to pay for shipments. Irritated by such treatment, the Cubans started to send over "enforcers" in the mid-1970s, and soon the bodies of mysteriously murdered Latins began to appear in South Florida.

At the same time the drug business began to boom as cocaine became elite and the market expanded, from New Brunswick to California. The Colombians moved into South Florida and began taking over from the Cubans—supplying and selling their own product. That interference was the spark—the drug wars were under way. Colombians fought Cubans, and more recently the major Colombian gangs have started to battle with each other.

Says Willis: "The current rash of killings was brought on because two people



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Frontlines

last Easter killed a Colombian woman guarding a 'safe' house. They stole some cocaine at the same time. Since then it's gotten progressively worse. You can't really explain it. "My group is as angry at your group. They're not fighting for anything. It's the Hatfields and the McCoys."

So far this year more than 60 people—nearly all of them Colombians—have been murdered in the Maum area, as part of the war. "What we have here is a bloody power struggle among different groups in which no quarter is given," says Chief Charles Black of the Duque County public safety department, whose agents investigate many of the killings. "These people stop at nothing. They have already shot at law enforcement agents. They'll throw hand grenades and nobody's going to be safe here anymore." William Kirby of the Duque County state attorney's office goes further, stating that the Colombians have turned South Florida into a "free zone."

The five major gangs have about 100 members each and all of them have constructed a maze of identities with perfectly forged passports crafted in Colombia. Every month they bring in tons of marijuana, wholesale lots of pure cocaine and millions of tablets of methamphetamine, "downers," commonly known by the brand name Quaalude.

There is an eager market for this contraband cargo—throughout the U.S. and Canada, the "jet" and "sober" from Colombia have gained a reputation among users as being the best available. Says a member of the RCMP's drug squad in Ottawa: "There is no doubt that the drugs from Colombia are in high demand in Canada. We believe that consumers pick them up in Florida and bring them back in suitcases and in their pockets. Mostly they fly directly into Toronto or Montreal. Some of them fly to Buffalo and then drive to cover the border. It's an expanding business."

As the U.S. government's Drug Enforcement Administration in Washington, an official confirms: "We know that much of the Canadian market for marijuana and cocaine is supplied from Florida. That's where a lot of your dollars are going, all right. And it is so far as Canadians are buying this stuff, they're supporting the drug war."

Southern Florida is a nearly perfect base for smuggling—8,286 miles of shoreline offering the isolation of 10,000 islands and the protective barrier of busy ports. The state is also rich in airfields, and at no point is it more than 70 miles from either the Atlantic or the Gulf. The most popular way to bring large quanti-

ties of narcotics into the U.S. is by freighter. The vessels carry a full load of drugs, often leaving from the Colombian port of Barranquilla. They can sidestep off the Florida coast and small fast boats ferry the drugs to land.

Increasingly, though, the smugglers are using large cargo planes—often DC-4s—to make fast, long-haul drug flights—and the pilots and crew are part of the war. Aboard a plane that customs agents forced to land earlier this year was found not only boxes of marijuana, but a small arsenal of weapons—20-caliber pistols with silencers and 38-caliber pistols with rubber-tipped bullets dipped in cyanide.

But even poison bullets cannot erase the lure of profits so lucrative that outsiders can only guess at them. For example, state authorities broke up one smuggling ring that they could prove in court was making \$500 million a year from marijuana. Two gang leaders caught by federal authorities were shown to have made \$15 million in a 10-month period by importing 500 tons of marijuana.

The money surfaces, too, when the police get court permission to probe into suspected dealers' bank accounts. They found that Miami businessman Jose Melendez Alvarez-Cruz, a Cuban-born Bay of Pigs veteran, deposited \$1 million one day, \$115,000 three months later, \$668,000 a few hours afterward and \$608,000 two weeks later. One Cuban-born Miami grocer, charged with cocaine distribution, posted \$100,000 bail and then skipped. Another Miami drug baron, Felix R. Felix (the Caci Viceroy), put up \$1 million in cash as a down payment on a shopping centre, a yacht and three houses.

But many smugglers are avoiding the trap of using cash in such huge sums. The illicit drug industry has become a sophisticated international commodity business, and brokers commonly use telephones and Telex to transfer millions of dollars electronically into Swiss and Bahamian bank accounts. It used to be that criminals robbed banks in South Florida they try to buy them. At least five attempts to take over banks have been stopped by regulatory authorities when the money involved was found to have come from drug smugglers.

"What is happening here," said one official of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, "can be compared to a triangular equation of drugs, money and violence, in which each of the three equals the combination of the other two." Al Capone would be proud. ☐

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Frontlines

Star-studded lineups in a game of high risks

By Constance Brissenden

Aldar Harnett went to Moscow to watch a hockey game and came home with the Bolshoi Ballet. When the Toronto impresario visited the Soviet Union during the World Cup hockey series last April, he dropped in at the Bolshoi's office and found the company eager to add a Canadian turn to its United States fall tour. And so, unlike his New York counterpart, Samuel Niefeld, who spent three years arranging the U.S. circuit, Harnett was able to put together his Bolshoi tour of Montreal, Edmonton and Toronto this past summer with three quick trips to Moscow in April and May. And also unlike Niefeld, who was subsequently scorched by three Bolshoi defections—Alexander Godunov in New York and Leonid and Valentina Kozlov in Los Angeles—Harnett is being welcomed back to the Soviet negotiating tables this month. It's the kind of break that Canada's impresario, who number about 50, fantasize about as they handle and import touring performers and shows which run the gamut of tastes from The Rolling Stones through Elgibarth Hagenberg and the Moscow Circus

to the Prague Chamber Orchestra.

"The Bolshoi Ballet is revered in Moscow as the premier company in the world, the flagship of Soviet entertainment abroad," says Harnett. "Defections hurt that image very badly. There will be a definite reluctance to visit the U.S. again." Within 10 days of the Bolshoi defections, that attitude was made clear to the American impresario Niefeld. He was handed on the carpet in Moscow and asked to guarantee that there would be no defections during his scheduled October tour of the Moscow



Bayanekov (top), the Kozlovs, Godunov: Soviet artists can have a better attitude



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Frontlines

State Symphony. When Niefeld replied that such a promise was impossible, the Soviets sternly cancelled the 25-city visit less than a week before it was due to begin.

For U.S. impresarios (the title comes from the Italian *improvisatore*, meaning entertainer), politics has intruded in as the marriage of art and investment which is their domain. But for Harnett, the defections anger a rosy future for Canadians who have had difficulty in the past importing Soviet attractions because of U.S. competition. "The Soviets now appear to have more confidence in Canadian impresarios, we'll be seeing more of them in the future," he predicts.

The impresario, once the top-hatted symbol of cultural enterprise, walks a tightrope between art and business, with business the main component of his balancing act. Some, such as Vancouver's David Y.H. Lai, who has been chastity's dutiful master for even years, steer clear of the Bolshoi which "costs a bundle," preferring to handle more accessible, less expensive companies such as the National Ballet of Canada or New York's Jeffrey Ballet. But even with a mercenary approach that some eastern impresarios—Lai will promote 49 concerts this year while Montreal's Sam Gesser takes an 150—and lower expenses on the West Coast, spiralling costs still affect every deal that Lai makes. As every impresario knows, there's no limit to the amount of money that can be spent on attractions, but ticket prices have a ceiling—beyond which audiences will choose to stay home and watch TV.

Ironically, despite the popularity and prestige of Soviet groups, they often contribute only indirectly to the impresario's coffers. Soviet artists' business bet properties demanding exorbitant fees under Sol Hurok, the legendary Russian agent to the U.S. who, through sheer showmanship over the course of his 50 years in the business, developed an eager, sedentary audience for the music and dance of his homeland. Says Martin Feinstein, once a Hurok assistant (Hurok died in 1974): "Sometimes an impresario gets the Bolshoi and is happy if he breaks even." John Feinstein, now executive director of performing arts with Washington's John F. Kennedy Center: "Having the Bolshoi helps an impresario's clients sell more season subscriptions and adds lustre to his other attractions."

If the Soviets add lustre, defections leave a bitter aftertaste with impresarios. The flight of dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov from a Toronto hotel during a 1974 Bolshoi tour transformed him

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or with music
and with dessert
and with coffee
and with soda
and especially with friends



Tia Maria goes.

into a Western superstar, but left the Montreal impresario Nicolas and Rita Koudriavtseff, who had imported the group, with a whopping \$150,000 debt. Adding insult to injury was a charge by the Russian company manager, Aleksandr Laputin, that the couple had helped the dancer defect. Says a still-damaged Rita Koudriavtseff: "I told Laputin, 'If we were crazy enough to help him, surely we would have waited until after the tour.'"



Swatchko, Moscow Circus, lost properties

Without Baryshnikov, around whom all the Koudriavtseffs' advertising was focused, a large proportion of the couple's remaining audience consisted of friends on their private tickets, and their company teetered on the brink of bankruptcy. Adds Rita Koudriavtseff: "The Soviets are bigger capitalists than we are. They gave us absolutely no financial breaks." Nicolas Koudriavtseff was the first Canadian impresario to sponsor the Bolshoi; the incident finished his relations with them.

"I survive by concentrating on what my intuition tells me will be a sorely wanted winner," says impresario J. Sergei Swatchko of Toronto. In 1974, Swatchko left the Royal Winnipeg Ballet as general manager and began his own company, Cantour, to import and tour Canadian and foreign groups. Like many impresarios, Swatchko, who brought the Moscow Circus to Toronto in 1977 for a vaunted 1982, organizes productions of his own to add to his coffers. His major regret is that "every single cost in the business is up. There are some things that I just can't bring to the Canadian stage because I can't justify the gamble."

The big acts that impresarios promote entail big risks. In the U.S., if the Soviets decided to withdraw a company (always a threat if an artist defects), the impresario would lose not only the remaining dates on the tour but would also have to pay the remaining performers' plane fares back to Moscow, plus a fee to the Gosconcerts, the Soviet agency that arranges cultural tours. Harrett's contract for the Bolshoi's Canadian appearances did not include this clause because the Bolshoi wanted the extra tour dates. The cancellation of the Moscow symphony tour left definite feelings of resentment among U.S. impresarios. But, for Harrett, an impresario's dream is about to come true: Moscow beckons and his Soviet shopping list is growing. "They were very pleased with Canada and our arrangements with them," he says, adding a understatement: "I'm looking forward to seeing them again."

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Rebuilding the glory of the grand hotels



Their *Fortune* magazine or *Harper's* tell it, Toronto is the greatest city in the universe. That is not quite to say that it's perfect, however, for it turns out that Metro has at least one shortcoming: "There's no luxury-class hotel worthy of the city," says hotel consultant Frank Greenstein. "No establishment that has cosmopolitan flavor, elegance and charisma."

Toronto hotels have lacked the photographic touch ever since all but one of the page boys disappeared from the Royal York in the 1960s, taking the elevator operators with them. But now all that is going to change, since three investors have suddenly decided that the luxury market is moving to be explored, and that the King Edward, the Windsor Arms and a new hotel near Hamilton Square will do the explaining.

"We're talking about a select group of guests," says Greenstein, who has been retained by the new owners of the old King Edward Hotel as design and finance co-ordinator. "When they arrive at a hotel they want to be received. They don't want to be kept waiting while the front desk processes 406 conventions."

"No conventions," echoes Jeff Sussman, vice-president of Louis Dreyfus Property Corp., planners of a new 305-million, 250-room hotel adjacent to Hamilton Square. In grand bare edifices, conventions are slightly more welcome than typy banquets.

Greenstein's blueprint for the King

Imperial Dining Room at the Royal York Hotel, 1929 (top). Windsor Arms Hotel, today, retaining the pulsating touch



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Edward calls for a restoration of the hotel's original (1900) imperial splendour, when J.P. Morgan, Teddy Roosevelt and Lady Astor, among others, dined in the Palm Room under the benign gaze of a life-size, 18th-century gilded Buddha. The problem is that the King Edward's prices have long since decayed, and business has been poor. Following multiple managerial failures culminating in near-bankruptcy this year, the hotel was purchased by Trans-Neveco

Inc. of Toronto for \$62 million. But the new owners are convinced that the fortunes of the hotel can be radically reversed. "Having the existing structure," says Oronstein, "means we can renovate for half the cost [they will spend approximately \$15 million] of building new." Over the next 15 months the interior of the hotel will be gutted and 540 rooms will be converted to 350 suites, including suites, with marble baths and original artworks.



King Edward hotel: marble baths, original artwork, a cachet keeping pace with price.

On a smaller scale, the Windsor Arms—with 80 rooms the size hotel in town now with a claim to exclusivity—will start a \$5-million improvement of its guest facilities in January. The other major development is the expected Hiram's Lakes construction, to begin as early as next spring. "What we're going to provide," says Seaman, "is an inordinate amount of service" in the tradition of Claridge's in London or the Hotel Pierre in New York. "It may seem easy to move in the direction of labor intensity in an era of high labor costs, but that's what will make it a great hotel."

The cost of these amenities will, of course, be passed on to the dinette, who will presumably be too enraptured to care. "At the moment," says Oronstein, "hotel rates in Toronto are extremely low by international standards. The price for an average double room is \$50 or \$60. At the Pierre it's \$125."

In this league, the cachet seems to advance with the price of accommodations. "We're looking at a top rate of \$100 after renovations," says Perrier. "It's," says Seaman, "Twenty per cent higher than whatever the next highest rate will be."

The real contest, after the speculations have turned into realities, is still a couple of years down the road. But one fact seems evident now. "The clientele is already here," an Oronstein says, "and somebody's going to get it."

Fred Blazew



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Lifting a corner of the blanket

By Jane O'Hara

The last vestiges of Indian summer were fast giving way to winter's chilly death rattle last week when the Conservatives unveiled their freedom of information legislation in the Commons. And, like the weather, it wasn't long before the warm glow of Opposition praise for the 32-page bill had turned to icy blasts against the latest Bank of Canada rate which, last Wednesday, rose to 14 per cent (see page 46). Yet, even though the freedom of information bill was somewhat overshadowed by the government's economic headlines, the fact remains that in five months the Tories produced what the Liberal government did not accomplish during its years in office: legislation to force the government to show some of its decision-making cards. Or, as government House leader Walter Baker said: "The bill will finally enable taxpayers to find out what their government is up to and how their money is being spent."



Photo by [illegible]

The kidnapping of Ged's baby

Like an anxious child hung early on Christmas morning, Gerald Baldwin awoke at 6 a.m. last Wednesday a good nine hours before the Conservatives held their freedom of information bill. His excitement was justified. Having spent the past 30 of his 32 parliamentary years as a single-minded Tory freedom fighter for more open government, Wednesday was, as he put it, "Ged's day." And although personally it appeared to be the last of his 32 years of freedom fighting, Baldwin also had to be a bit of a lullaby. Baldwin who had earned the bill for the Tories since 1920 when he introduced the first of his four bills of information privilege, number 3, was softly shrilled to the last week when his ministerial heavyweights, Walter Baker, the deputy prime minister and Justice Minister Jacques Flynn, showed the political touchdowns: "It would be a mistake to say that I was consulted on the bill," said Baldwin, since the parliamentary secretary to Prime Minister

Baldwin, Cindrella, was a zirconia before 12

John Delehant and later Opposition House leader under Robert Stanfield. The bill was drafted by Baker and the bureau chief. My part was quite limited.

It is somewhat ironic that Baldwin, the most Baker has called the father of freedom of information, "was not shown a copy of the bill before Baker tabled it in the House. Equally surprising was the fact that Baldwin was not involved in the country's second freedom of information bill. (Now, remember Minister John Flaxler, did the honors and, as one Baldwin aide remarked, "I think I'd be hurt by that. They don't ask him to second the bill and he doesn't ask them.")

This final act occurred at a press conference following the spectacle of the bill. As Baldwin stood in the shadows like an older schoolman in a suit, Baker, Flynn, Liberal critic John Reid and NDP MP Ian Watkin made their partisan pitches for the freedom of information bill. By 11:30 a.m. the bill had stepped forward—151 hours later—only

one TV camera, and a handful of print journalists remained. I feel like Cinderella one minute before midnight. I feel like Cinderella before giving the bill her quitted approval. I was going to call the legislation a giant leap forward but I gave it a B-plus or an A minus.

Throughout the parliamentary career Baldwin has been neither proscribe nor particularly partisan: facts evidenced two weeks ago when, supplanting the Tory hierarchy, he stood up in the House and pronounced a motion calling for an investigation of the Official Secrets Act. "I was just testing the government," said Baldwin. "To see if they were going all the way on this. In a rare show of parliamentary civility, Baldwin's motion received all-party approval—a signal salute from the opposition colleagues. At last week's press conference, Baldwin came in for another unexpected honour. Upon concluding his comments, Baldwin was ushered from the stage with a round of applause. Who started clapping? Not the Conservatives—none of them. It was the press."

Norm O'Hara

relations, national defense, economic interests, international relations and law enforcement.

Most documents dealing with scientific, commercial, technical and financial matters will be kept confidential, as will information requested by a third party that could infringe on a person's privacy. Cabinet documents papers and decisions will be open to scrutiny, but

policy advice from civil servants and cabinet records will be unavailable. An aide who worked on the legislation admitted, "If you think you're going to see another Watergate come out of this legislation, forget it. Most people will have to live in layers to decipher the information they receive."

The process of granting access will likely mean onerous trips through the bureaucracy, depending on departmental efficiency and the good will and competence of the searching official. For \$5 any Canadian may apply to the appropriate government department. If the document is denied, the applicant can go to an information commissioner: the first step in a two-tiered review system. The commissioner (at a \$60,000 annual salary) can decide to recommend release, but he has no power. That will reside with the courts, which will handle any secondary appeals.

Perhaps the Tories' most revealing commitment to their oft-stated election promise of "more open government" appears in the bill's provision to repeal Section 41 (2) of the Federal Court Act, introduced in 1971 by former Liberal justice minister John Turner. The section allows ministers to blanket any material which, in their words, threatens national security or defense comparable to the American "executive privilege" and, by former president Richard Nixon during Watergate, the Canadian option was last invoked over a major issue in 1977 when the solicitor-general, Francis Fox, used it to prevent Quebec's Kestler inquiry from getting federal files dealing with alleged RCMP wrongdoing. That repeal and the government's stated intention to revise the Official Secrets Act will, according to Baker, ensure "instead of everything being marked secret unless decided otherwise, everything will now be public unless declared secret."

While the Conservatives were thump-

ing themselves on the back, the Liberals had one Opposition leader Pierre Trudeau sheepishly left the Commons minutes before the bill was introduced—to avoid the embarrassment of seeing legislation tabled which he had philosophically opposed but never managed to foster. One former Liberal aide maintains that the Liberal cabinet was split on the issue and that a group of Trudeau's close advisers, including Prime Minister's Secretary Jim Coates and Privy Council chief Michael Pofford, were opposed. Said the aide: "The government was tired and freedom of information was the type of administrative nightmare they didn't have the heart to push through."

\$50 million worth of show-and-tell

Just as the Canadian government is showing toward adoption of a U.S.-style freedom of information act, some aspects of the U.S. government are actively challenging the wisdom of such legislation. Passed by Congress five years ago after the Watergate scandal, the law allows anyone whether a U.S. citizen or not, to request information from a government agency and it related. To take the case to court to try to force disclosure. The legislation was intended primarily for use by public-interest groups, journalists, scholars and other such presumably high-minded individuals. But it has been used more frequently by businessmen checking up on their competitors and by criminals trying to find out how much the government knows about them. The cost in the taxpayer of meeting all the requests has risen to an estimated \$50 million or more annually.

"It's not actually that bad to find out what one's federal workforce used to do," said a source.

According to Fred Baldwin (see box), the Tories who have been on the opposite quest of freedom of information for risk of its parliamentary career, there was another reason. "They had 16 years of skeletons in the closet," said Baldwin. "It's not one reason I'm glad the Tories have put this through so fast. They haven't lost their political integrity yet, but they are eyeing the bedrooms." Kevin Clark has worried openly, admitting to Baldwin's "I could get burned by this." But given that the legislation won't cost much money (estimated at \$5 to \$10 million annually) and that it keeps at least one election process, the Tories are likely more than willing to walk through the flames.

Defenders of the Freedom of Information Act argue that criminals have rights too. And they argue that the inquiries are not subverted by the benefits of open government. The standards involved with the assistance of the legislation include:

- The cover-up at the cancer-causing site effects of nuclear testing in the western U.S.
- The drug experiments by the CIA on unsuspecting Americans and Canadians.
- The efforts by the FBI to discredit civil rights and anti-war leaders.

"But the single greatest contribution," says David Washburn, director of the Freedom of Information Campaign, is a high-minded argument: "that government officials will be more wary about doing such things in the future. And I hope that, as the government becomes more open, people will have more trust in it." Few would quarrel with the concern in that, as it is to counter the excesses of Watergate. Congress passed a law that goes too far the other way. So the department of justice is preparing a series of proposals for amendments to this act that Canadian may be right to wait to study before passing their own legislation.

Ian Urquhart



Illustration by [illegible]

Upstairs, Downstairs at the Rideau Club

When he rose and dressed last Wednesday morning, Donald King decided to permit himself one small indiscretion. Not his tie, of course, which would still be choked tight and pinned, near his pants, which would remain as pressed as folded paper. But his shirt—stripped for once, rather than the usual starched white. He had never gone down to the Rideau Club in casual dress before. But then, the club had never banned dress before. And, as of that day, his job as hall porter was probably gone forever. Later, he would smile at the small irony. His daughter, Carol, had been French class that evening and was fretting about her assignment—to write about a major level five. And only the afternoon before, he had sold one of the slim histories of the club to a new member, leaving only five left of the original printing at \$200. On Tuesday King had thought they would be ending soon.

The dapper, white-haired man left his house in the city's west end, and the same house he had lived in for 70 of his 73 years, and took the bus down to Wellington Street, where he stood between the gutted remains of the club and the Parliament buildings. There were other employees gathered and several members, and many of them were crying as the rising smoke reminded them of what once had been. It had, after all, been 11 years since the fire. MacDonald and 62 other members of the cultural group had created the national symbol of snobbery and elitism. And it was only fitting that the last member to use the club had been a former patron—general, Roland Michener. Anytime lesser would have been utterly.

In a way, Donald King himself dated from Jan. 3, 1978, when the Rideau Club was closed forever. "That a Servant in Ivory" he stationed just inside the entrance door of the Club." And though he had been at the port only 30 years—either as a servant or in ivory—King had his own precious memories. He recalled when the U.S.S.R.'s Alexei Kopylov came to lunch during his 1972 visit and how, with the lobby filled with RCMP security, he had accidentally allowed the grumpy-up lift entrance to his desk and it had fallen like a guillotine. And the first time Governor-General Edward Schreyer came in and King failed to recognize him. And the member who gave him a roll of Saran Wrap each and every Christmas.

Others had their own memories. How



The Rideau Club fire jacket, tie and shorts

Pierre Trudeau was always a late-arriving guest. How Lester Pearson knew to keep his hands off the table. The member who climbed the Christmas tree one year. The member who successfully challenged the strict jacket-and-tie dress rules by showing up in jacket, tie and shorts.

It is understandable why, in recent years, the club ceased to be as much an ambition as a joke. The Rideau Club was originally established to provide a leathered and sheltered shelter for kindred souls: rich, powerful, at least if not rich, well-born, well-tied, white, male and Christian. Jews were finally admitted in 1964 only after certain members threatened to speak out and embarrass their prejudiced colleagues. Women, however, had as even longer time getting in. The club survived for 52 years before the first woman was hired and, although women dining at the club was first discussed on Jan. 17,

King's Servant in Ivory had stationed just inside the entrance door to the Club.



1968, the Carlton Room was not opened up to them until 1983. Women made it into the main part of the club only after a series of protests in 1972—including, unbelievably, heated debate in the House of Commons—and it took until August of this year for the first woman member, Jean Pigitt, special adviser to Prime Minister Joe Clark, to be admitted. Ironically, the women's dining room was the sole survivor of the fire, and when women broke through the doors they found fresh flowers delicately surrounding the tables.

Though the membership had recently topped 600, the Rideau Club was today but a pocket of its former staffed shirt. Joe Clark wasn't interested in paying out the \$500 entrance fee and the \$500 annual fee, nor had been Pierre Trudeau or John Diefenbaker before him. Only one member of Parliament, Liberal House leader Allan Rock, was a club member at the end. New members often had the money but not the privilege, and old members were being ousted. Donald King had been keeping agency and other life-support systems close at hand.

But still, it was a way of life both members and employees loved, and will undoubtedly remain a symbol long after the ashes cooled. Donald King talked with Frederick Gail, a member, for a while before he went home, and he completely agreed with Gail's parting words: "It was an attachment. I suppose. But it was a harmless one."

By MacGregor

Vancouver

No relief from the 7-year bitch

"You can't treat the house," says Evelyn Jackson with a sigh. "It's the only one left." Five homes in down an overgrown road identified only by a tattered, hand-painted sign. The 300 neighbours of the early 1950s are only kindled at by driveway cars that disappear into surrounding farmland and building foundations being a burnt wasteland. Reared millworker George Jackson, 65, and his 57-year-old wife, Evelyn, chose to stay in their grey split-level home hoping the fate of Vancouver International Airport on Sea Island south of Vancouver. But the federal government, which expropriated and bulldozed their neighbours' homes into kindling, wants them out. The court case has left the Jacksons restless for seven long years. It ended, at least possibly, when the Supreme Court of Canada when five justices ruled that department of justice lawyers had spent seven years dragging the Jacksons through the wrong court. If the federal government decides to proceed through the right courts, the B.C. courts, it could take another four years of litigation. Worse, the arcane court system is in and of an airport expansion that Environment Minister John Frazer recently termed "permanently on the shelf."

In 1972, George and Evelyn Jackson didn't trust the young professionals who formed the Sea Island Newspapers Association (SINA) which terrified the federal government for four years in the late 1960s and early '70s and proud out respectable segregationist sentiments. The Jacksons had gone through another expropriation in 1964 and thought the process was automatic. "We didn't figure you could be a winner against the government," recalls Evelyn Jackson. So they didn't join SINA and when a federal land agent, in classic blockbusting style, knocked on their door and told them they could save over their land directly to the government and avoid expropriation, they sold their house and two lots for \$40,000. Four



George and Evelyn Jackson. "We didn't figure you could win against government"

months later, their neighbors, who followed the procedures of the Expropriation Act, settled for \$20,000 to \$30,000 more. Lawyer Charles Johnston, attorney for the Jacksons, argues that by selecting the sale of their property the federal government failed to comply with the procedures of the 1970 Expropriation Act and that therefore the Jacksons are entitled to a settlement similar to their neighbors. The Crown counters that a sale is a sale and, unless there was coercion, the Jacksons are out of luck.

Like their airport-expropriated cousins in Pickering, Ontario, and Steeles Junction, Quebec, the bewildered Jacksons point to the bureaucracy, in the name of their dilemma. Johnston (whose fees are largely covered by legal aid) hopes ministerial intervention can get an out-of-court settlement and has sent a telegram to Prime Minister Joe

Clark urging that his clients be spared further litigation. Vancouver-Centre Liberal MP Art Phillips has raised the matter with Transport Minister Don Mazankowski but, according to Johnston, the "silence from Ottawa has been deafening."

For the worried couple, something more than time has been lost. "We used to think if you can't trust the government, who can you trust?" says George Jackson. And now if a government man comes to the door offering a deal? "We'll run like hell," Thomas Hopkins

Quebec

Now who shall keep the peace?

In tight blue denim, with headbands and removers dangling like ornaments from their belts, the Kahawake peacekeepers look like Beavercan members of a Wild West posse. And, in fact, the 30 Mohawk Indians who police the Coughswagon Reserve on the bank of the St. Lawrence River just south of Montreal are, legally, little more than a gang of vigilantes. Furthermore, without government sanction, the peacekeepers were stationed last June after a legally empowered force of Mohawk special agents was disavowed by the Coughswagon Band council. The council wanted a controversial settlement only to the Indian leadership, not to Quebec or federal authorities.

Last week, a series of brutal events demonstrated dramatically that, even without legal authority, the Indian peacekeepers exerted the only effective control over the reserve's 1,000 Mohawks. On Wednesday, Coughswagon

Coughswagon Mohawks Barbara Horner, Sherry Deltola and Katie McComber, charged with attempted murder, the most authority



LA PRENSA

buried David Cross, a 36-year-old father of two who had been tailed for speeding and charged for criminal possession of a firearm on the reserve the previous Saturday. Cross had dashed into the house and reappeared, brandishing a pool cue. The young Mohawk then crashed the truck across the police cruiser, windshield. Constable Robert Lessard, seated behind the wheel, replied with three shots, fired point-blank.

Eyewitnesses spread the account of Cross's death, and the reserve burned with rage, turning a tender funeral ceremony into an inferno of hatred. Coagabewaga Chief Andrew Delisle insisted that the two police officers involved be charged with murder. Instead, they were temporarily reassigned from patrol to office duty but retained their salaries and freedom to provide the results of a coroner's inquest. Said the hard-chief "There's simply no way that this killing can be justified or explained away."

Only two days after the death of Cross, three young Mohawk women were charged with the murder by Montreal police after two taxi drivers had been robbed and beaten. The first had

been accosted in the nearby town of Châteauguay, severely gunned and left prostrate in a roadside ditch, his taxi taken to the reserve and burned to a hulk. That same night, the second taxi driver had been set upon in the Montreal district of Ville LaSalle. After apprehending the women, the policemen were faced by a threatening group of armed Indians to release them and quit Coagabewaga, empty-handed. It was the Kahnawake peacekeepers, though without police authority to make arrests, who restored order and deflected the three suspects to municipal police in Châteauguay, where the first crime had been committed.

Before Cross was buried Wednesday, Quebec Provincial Police had accepted their inability to deal with the Mohawks and ordered its officers to stay off the reserve unless summoned by the native peacekeepers. It was an admission that, even without full legal power, the Mohawk peacekeepers alone have the moral authority to enforce law and order on the reserve. **David Thomas**



Indian cartoonist Everett Ruess's view of Chief Moon beating European values.

As the board member in charge of justice with the Indian Association of Alberta, John Chief Moon is familiar with similar incidents but he is determined this time to go to court over the matter. He has asked his lawyer to sue the two RCMP officers involved for damages and he may press charges.

All Indians took the same to their knees the Indian Association's William Manyfingers with a shrug. "People assume police treat Indians the same way they treat the average white," Anglo-Indian Protestant. They don't. Indians are not considered the same cool courtiers that non-Indians get.

The power and the glory

By David Thomas

In Quebec, hydroelectricity is more than cheap, clean energy. It is the value of the province's modern nationalist mythology. Just as the Canadiens ruled by cloning a mandate from the Roman gods, Quebec's leaders have, for the past two decades, sought legitimacy for their nation in the divine power of hydroelectricity.

Last weekend, in a pilgrimage that cost Quebecers \$600,000, hundreds of politicians, U.S. bankers, journalists and foreign dignitaries, including seven from China, came to pay homage at Quebec's newest shrine: the dam and powerhouse at Ig-A, the Peribonka of the massive James Bay hydroelectric project.

But there were jealousies among the mortals claiming this god as their own. The most principal protagonists—former Liberal premier Robert Bourassa, who initiated the \$10-billion project in

The Indian Association is hoping to use the Chief Moon case as a lever to press their demands to do their own policing on the Alberta reserves. The tribal police now are merely bylaw enforcement officers, unarmed and unable to make more than a citation a night. We've been arguing with the provincial government for three years about real police appointments, says Manyfingers, who would like the Alberta reserve police modeled after the Quebec reserve police.

Manyfingers, a former chairman of the Blood tribe's public commission, would like whole police off the reserve entirely. He is not happy with the special native branch of the RCMP set up after a 1972 riot report on Indian policing. "We want our own police, our own calls, our own courts," he says. And while there are some Indian objections to police, "that's not a threat. Our wish is to broaden their authority. He sees the white domination of Indian police as one more instance of cultural imposition. "This courts are imposing European values on us."

But manyfingers get a joint agreement between the bands of Alberta, the federal department of Indian affairs and the provincial government may just take a while and there is still the question of where the money will come from. The Indian Association doesn't intend to ease the pressure. Says Manyfingers, "We have to have more say over our lands, our people that have such influence over our lives."

SHERRILL ZWARTZ

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BACARDI rum

'I could hear my limbs cracking'

John Chief Moon tried shut down his carmine and stooped work for a bathroom and personal suite and when a local constabulary arrived on his land on the Blood Indian Reserve southwest of Lethbridge, Alberta. "Are you Chief Moon?" he recalls one of the constables asking before they told him they had a court invitation to stop him from harassing Chief Moon. He protested that it was his taxi, his machinery and that he was only one-quarter through parking his 400-watt car. Chief Moon claims he was then grabbed and punched "I could hear my limbs cracking. I had it I thought."

A former band councillor and acting chief at the Blood Reserve, Canada's largest at 400 square miles, Chief Moon was baffled and baffled but determined to get to the bottom of the matter. Still bleeding from a head wound he drove 25 miles to the Canadian river detachment and demanded an explanation from Staff Sergeant Lutz Grant. Then he went off to the local clinic to have his scrapes and bruises patched up followed by a trip to Lethbridge to have a loose tooth attended to.

It cost him two days of harvesting time but Chief Moon eventually got on his feet. He was now had to get to his work. Chief Moon, who turned a mile down the road and was involved in a leaving dispute

PHOTO BY DAVID THOMAS FOR THE CANADIAN PRESS. ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT RUSS. PHOTO BY DAVID THOMAS FOR THE CANADIAN PRESS. ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT RUSS.



1971, and Parti Québécois Premier René Lévesque—each invoked James Bay power as vindication of their reigns. Bourassa used Saturday's inauguration of 10-2 to rehabilitate himself in preparation for an obvious comeback attempt. Lévesque, in turn, used it as proof that a sovereign Quebec could get by without Alberta oil.

Lévesque flew to 10-2 Friday and standing before the majestic dam deftly sound Bourassa's "project of the century" as his own great scheme, using it as a clever argument that Quebecers need not fear that independence would leave them out in the cold. Reinvigorating the spreading faith that Quebecers can become the Ambs of electricity, the premier said that once the entire James Bay territory has been dewatered daily power output will equal the energy of 600,000 barrels of oil—more than the province's current petroleum consumption. "Nowhere," said the premier, "is our ability to take charge of our destiny more obvious than it is here."

But the recognition of James Bay's physical, economic and political splendor was clearly painful for Lévesque. Bourassa's project, said the premier, was a bad idea, quite good and a defeated Liberal predecessor should be credited only with "unconscious wisdom." The unspoken energy pique had eased the project, Lévesque insisted.

Bourassa himself materialized in the early hours of Saturday, joined a group of dinner journalists and unabashedly revealed in his remarks from the wilderness. Confident that the throne has returned to his political ear, the 66-year-old economist openly ranted about sec-



Lévesque (right) with operator Gary Fillion and Bourassa power from the pipe

anism that could create the "political vacuum" he could fill. Quebecers, he said, have not been duped by Lévesque's attempt to appropriate James Bay for the cause of independence and that the water rushing through 10-2 turbines would cleanse the memory of James Bay development of all by Bourassa's presence.

Bourassa made two more political interventions in the political snare over Quebec would complete his rehabilitation: the gradual alienation of union leaders from the PQ government and the realization by Quebec anglophones that Bourassa's 1974 Bill 22 language legislation wasn't so bad after all. But Bourassa's mood also frayed with a volatile scheme to create his long-for power vacuum: he is demanding a public inquiry into the 1978 October Crisis—an inquiry

Lévesque had promised until he recently received the results of a private investigation which outlined how the political events were intertwined with the terrorist kidnappings and murder of Bourassa's labor minister, Pierre Laporte. Bourassa wants the facts dredged up because, inevitably, they would include the nearly forgotten reports of mutant conspiracy to depose the Bourassa administration and replace it with a provincial government. Among the reported intrigues: René Lévesque, then a single party leader without elected office, and Claude Ryan, publisher of *Le Devoir* at the time and now, as Quebec Liberal leader, Bourassa's biggest obstacle in a return to power.

Just four hours before Lévesque was to turn the switch of No. 9 turbine, Bourassa appeared unannounced at the press centre to steal the show with his new vision of hydroelectric development, the immediate draining of Quebec's unharvested rivers and the sale of the power to the United States under long-term contracts. With the greenlight, Quebec could create its own heritage fund similar to Alberta's.

At 3:23 p.m., with Bourassa watching over the sidelines, Lévesque marched over to the control panel of the subterranean powerhouse and turned a small black switch. Nothing happened until, 54 seconds later, the huge flooring over the generator vibrated as the rotor below accelerated to top speed, sending the first power from James Bay into the homes of Montreal — and with it the beginning of Quebec's next, still mysterious, act of faith in the union of hydroelectric and political power. ♦

World

Prague's secret trials

By Michael Dobbs

The participating states will respect human rights and fundamental freedoms, including the freedom of thought, conscience, religion, or belief, for all. They confirm the right of the individual to know and act upon his rights and duties in this field. —Excerpt from the 1975 Helsinki declaration

One defendant described it as a step back toward "the ideological Stone Age" and, while some of the more obvious touches of the Stalinist show trials of the 1950s were missing—the hearings were secret, the sentences somewhat less severe—there was still enough of the old-style, heavy-handed approach about the jailing in Prague last week of six leading human-rights campaigners to bring down a chorus of international protest on the country that once promoted "Socialism with a human face."

The powerful Communist parties of Italy, France and Spain joined governments and labor movements in the West in denouncing the verdicts and answers as a mockery of human rights and legal procedure. France called off a vast but its foreign minister to Prague and the U.S. state department said the trial—the largest of its kind in Eastern Europe in recent years—would adversely affect relations with Czechoslovakia. In Moscow, Nobel Peace Prize laureate Andrei Sakharov, himself a leading dissident, described the six as



MAKING DOGS

brave and humane people and called on Czechoslovakia's leaders to review their sentences.

In part, the furore was a reaction against the blatantly arbitrary manner in which the trial was conducted. The atmosphere inside the Austro-Hungarian-style Prague City Court, a handsome, 19th-century building, blended Kafkaesque bureaucracy with some of the old show trial techniques. Police mingled with the audience and, on the first day, some 25 young Charter 77 movement sympathizers (the six were leading Charterists) were detained. The seated Western diplomats and other foreign observers got to the courtroom was a set of firmly closed glass doors on the building's second-floor landing. The trial itself was held in a small courtroom at the other end of a long corridor.

According to relatives of the accused, who were allowed to occupy some of the

seats available for spectators, the prosecution made little effort to prove its case. It called just four witnesses.

The presiding judge refused to hear a single witness for the defense and constantly interrupted speeches by the defendants and their court-appointed lawyers. The proceedings against the six, who had been held in pretrial custody for two months, were rushed through in 30 days, some sessions spontaneously, the day they were found guilty. Prague's sunny weather gave way to cloudy skies and cold winds.

The best known abroad of the defendants was Václav Havel, 43, widely regarded as Czechoslovakia's greatest living playwright. He received a 4½-year sentence (one of the three original spiesmen for Charter 77, which was founded to monitor Czechoslovakia's compliance with the Helsinki declaration, he has been in and out of jail and under house arrest since the 1968 Soviet-led invasion. He worked for a time as a laborer in a brewery after losing his job as a theatre producer. His plays, such as *The Garden Party* and *Andrius*, have been described as "Orwellian-type criticism of life in a totalitarian state."

The biographies of the others—Petr Uhl, 39 (three years), Václav Benčík, 32 (four years), Jiří Dienstbier, 42 (three years), journalist Otta Rednauer, 32 (three years), and psychologist Dana Němcová, 45 (two years suspended)—



similarly reflect the fate of Czechs who have opposed the "normalization" of their country since the 1968 invasion.

All six were members of an inner circle of Charter '77—the Committee for the Defense of the Unjustly Persecuted (Voces). This group passed to the West details of expatriated trials of western and young people in Czechoslovakia. The authorities were undoubtedly embarrassed by such reports and wanted to put a stop to them.

Czechoslovakia's hard-line attitude presents a marked contrast with the more ecumenical approach favored by neighboring Hungary and Poland. Even East Germany, which has the reputation of the most authoritarian of Soviet-bloc states, recently announced a wide-ranging amnesty covering political prisoners.

Part of the explanation for the crackdown seems to lie in the somewhat precarious position of Czechoslovakia's leader, Gustav Husak. A colleague of the reformer Alexander Dubcek during the Prague Spring, he switched sides after the invasion and relied on the support of the hard-line faction in the country's leadership to remain in power. Thus, unlike the skillful Hungarian leader Janos Kadar, who gradually relaxed controls following the bloody suppression of the 1956 Budapest upris-

ing, Husak has been forced to take ever more repressive measures to maintain his position.

The sentences also came against a background of a growing economic crisis. A series of prior increases this summer has meant that many Czechs are now worse off than before—a serious development, when the regime's main claim to legitimacy was its ability to guarantee steadily increasing living standards for ordinary people.

But whatever the reasons, Czechoslovak officials are in no mood for apologies. Foreign Minister Bedrich Chvojek said Czechoslovakia did not intend to carry forward "the tolerance the dissolution of the republic by a few enemies of socialism." It was an uncompromising rebuff—and a bad omen for four more Czechs still in jail awaiting trial.

South Korea

The night death came to dinner

By all accounts the scene was reminiscent of the Hollywood version of gangland killing. There, in the apparent security of the dining



Choi Kyu-han barely escapes for Park, meets gangland killing then accident.

room of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency's headquarters in downtown Seoul, sat 60-year-old President Park Chung-hee. At his side was his personal security chief, Cha Cho-Chul. With them, among other members of the president's inner circle, was his host and former military assistant chairman, 50th Director Kim Joo-Rye. Suddenly an argument broke out between the two security chiefs, guns were pulled and, within seconds, Park and Cha were dying. Also slain five of Park's guards, shot down as they burst into the room to come to his aid.

Officially, Park's death was "accidental." A South Korea government statement said he was struck by a stray bul-

let, which "fell from above." Everybody who knew his habits spoke for reconciliation, he said.

But it is still to be seen how much scope there will allow the Gangue leader to negotiate, and a hard line here will be no less likely. Until Madoed accepts their demands, anxiety has paid a tribute, the right to choose total independence, reduction of a fourth province. Nowhere in the Gangue country and immediate withdrawal of Madoed's federal police.

Nevertheless, with the recent arrest of leading members of the Gangue, a violent left-wing group the government appears to be giving the upper hand against terrorism. Indeed, the Gangue leader has the greatest problem for Calabrian and Etna. They may join out to be the resolution of their severe economic troubles. They are Spain's two most important industrial areas. A major reason why Madoed could never contemplate giving full independence.

Meanwhile, as the country's other regions press for their share of sovereignty, some of the last exiles of the Franco era can now be expected to return home. The body of exiled Pablo Casals, who vowed never to return while the dictator lived, is likely to be sent from Puerto Rico to his native Catalonia. And a parking Dura. Casals' presence is a reminder of the horrors of war, may finally be handed over by the Spanish people.

David Reid

widespread protests, notably from the current U.S. administration, about his denial of human rights.

Discontent erupted last month after Park used his stacked majority in the National Assembly to expel opposition leader Kim Young-Sam, who had attacked the government as a "basically dictatorial regime." All 49 opposition members, including Kim's 36-member New Democratic Party (NDP), angrily resigned and Park had to send tanks and troops to quell a stormy meeting by size supporters and students in the southern cities of Pusan and Muan. In a week, 4,000 people were rounded up.

The naming was the first since the demonstration that led to the downfall of former President Syngman Rhee in 1960 and the take-over by Park from Rhee's Liberal Democratic Movement, who Chang, a year later Park Chung-hee—the name means "brilliant straightforwardness"—was unknown outside army circles when he took power. But he rapidly made a name for himself and was three times elected president. In 1972, however, to combat violent protests against his authoritarian rule, he declared martial law and introduced constitutional amendments that virtually guaranteed him office for life.

In the end, however, the choice was not left to him, and in the face of strongman allies of the United States who have been forced from power this year alone—the aging Shah of Iran, Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza and El Salvador's Carlos Humberto Romero—must be added the name of Park Chung-hee.

Israel

Ferment in the seeds of Abraham

To many Israelis it seemed that Prime Minister Menachem Begin's two-year-old coalition of right-wing and religious parties meant collapse under the strain. First came the shock resignation of Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan. Then, last last week, there was the threatened resignation of another general turned politician, Ariel Sharon, minister of agriculture and sponsor of Jewish settlements.

In between, five judges of the Supreme Court delivered a devastating ruling on one of Sharon's pet projects, Elan Moreh, a settlement near the West Bank Arab town of Nablus, which the government established in basic four months ago and has been reporting at least one ever since. The court unanimously rejected a cabinet claim, reinforced by Chief of Staff Rafael Ezer, that the settlement was essential for Israel's security. Instead, it concluded that the main motive for planting the settlers on 280 acres of barren hilltop was political—Gush Katza's nationalistic settlers were determined to settle as close as possible to Nablus, the Biblical Shechem—and ordered that the settlement be dismantled within 30 days.

Israeli soldiers erect barriers, private home of accommodation.



A 'bar' for a bird in the hand

Shake, bargain, choose. Foreigners walked away into a polling booth in northern Spain last week and unanimously cast a "bar" [yes] vote. Thousands of fellow citizens followed his example, rejecting electoral calls for a boycott and overwhelmingly approving a far-reaching package of autonomy for their region: 80 per cent of the votes were in favor. A similar result was recorded in Catalonia.

Acceptance of the statute, besides encouraging minorities to struggle for auton-

Basque demonstrators a first step



It was also a week of sharply rising prices. Gasoline went up 25 per cent to \$3 (U.S.) a gallon and the inflation rate continued to climb. And while Begin undoubtedly desired an opposition centre move in the Knesset, a Helicon University poll found that 50 per cent of voters advocate early elections, although the coalition's term still has almost two years to run.

As if the present were not contentious enough, the past also seemed to be catching up with the country. *The New York Times* published censored extracts from former prime minister Yitzhak Rabin's memoirs, in which he claimed that David Ben-Gurion, Israel's first prime minister, had ordered a crack army unit to "drive out" 50,000 Arabs from the twin towns of Lodda and Ramleh, now within Israel's borders. The disclosure, hotly denied by Rabin's en-



Byron: a shake on the coalition

number at the time, Yigal Allon, suggested that, in those towns at least, the Arabs were right in blaming the flight of thousands of refugees on Israeli force rather than, as the Israelis have always contended, on radio instructions from neighbouring Arab states.

It was the court decision, however, that seemed likely to cause Begin most problems. Sharon threatened to quit if the settlers were moved and ministers were hounded by the nightmare of having to instruct Jewish soldiers to fire on Jewish patriots. However, at work's end a possible solution seemed at hand. The government was looking for another parcel of land close by (the court ruling only affects private Arab holdings, whereas much of what was captured West Bank consists of what was Jordanian state land). And while Gush Emunim was publicly resolved to stay put—there were private hints of a more accommodating attitude.

Eric Silver

Southeast Asia

A case of eeny, meeny, miney, no

Ottawa's Immigration department was wending off a new salvo last week in what is becoming a barrage of criticism of Canada's refugee selection policy. First there was the row over the Ugandan Asians. Then a U.S. spokesman for the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR) charged last November that Canada was selecting only the best educated of the refugees in Southeast Asia. Similar charges were laid last summer by Malaysian Prime Minister Mahatma Mohd. Then, last month, came the latest round from Dutch officials just returned from Ma-

laynam camps which house some of Vietnam's boat people.

Canada, the U.S. and Australia, and Jacques Van Lier, head of the Dutch mission, were accepting only those refugees who were "economically profitable." This was the result, explained Jacques Stuyt, director of the Netherlands Refugee Work Association, of selection on the basis of education, professional qualifications and general self-reliance. And if that were not reprehensible enough itself, he maintained, it led to the splitting up of families and left West European countries with a "lower-than-average mix."

Canadian officials were quick to deny the charges. Kent Pappone, spokesman for the Special Task Force on Refugees, said Canada never intentionally breaks up families (although he admitted that it has happened) and "selects a broad cross section of people" on the basis of their ability to assimilate. But informa-

tion on the 3,767 heads of family units selected between January and Aug. 24 of this year suggests otherwise in almost a most important criterion. A full 16 per cent of Canada's chosen had at least one year of university, while 33 per cent had secondary education or less and seven per cent had trade certificates. A nominal two per cent were uneducated.

There are no UN figures for the refugee population as a whole with which to compare those percentages, but U.S. sources indicate the uneducated form the "great majority." And Guy Ouellet, spokesman for the Canadian branch of UNHCR, says that particularly selection is creating a "melange" which will be difficult to assimilate. There are still many "acceptable" cases among the 180,000 boat people and 164,000 "land people" still in Southeast Asian camps, he said. But the crunch will come "when we hit the bottom of the barrel."

Richard Wilson/James Fleming

Ocean-going tugboats for Norway.

K/S Narmard
Tugs A/S uses them to service North Sea oil fields.

EDC helped win the sale with competitive financing.

Canadian workers got the jobs building them in Canada.

Export Development Corporation

A commercial enterprise owned by the Government of Canada that helps create jobs in Canada by financing and insuring Canadian exports.

A brown-out for nuclear energy

By Catherine Fox

Seven months have passed since the United States faced the worst nuclear power plant accident in its history. And last week, as the Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island

most significant thing about the commission's final report, which President Jimmy Carter will receive this week, is what it did not do. Six of the 11 members voted to recommend a moratorium on construction of new nuclear plants. Seven votes were needed. While only



land leaked the saltiest points of its report, technicians were just beginning an initial \$400-million job of cleaning up the damaged facility.

The 10-member commission came down hard on the electric company that operates Three Mile Island and on the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) for neglecting safety procedures. It concluded that Metropolitan Edison "did not have sufficient knowledge, experience and personnel to operate the plant or maintain it adequately" although, frighteningly, technicians at Three Mile Island scored well above the average on licensing exams compared to crews at the nation's other reactors.

The commission also blamed the NRC for spending more time on licensing procedures for new reactors than on assuring the safety of operating plants. It recommended that the NRC, now run by five commissioners, be reorganized under the leadership of just one director.

It may turn out, however, that the

Three Mile Island "sloppy procedures and gross mismanagement" Congress can legislate with a law, a sign from the commission would have had considerable weight. However, the panel did agree to recommend that nuclear plants should not be built or operated until local emergency plans are approved. Pennsylvania, home of Three Mile Island, is one of 14 states (four on the Canadian border) having nuclear plants, but no approved emergency plans.

The report will be studied carefully by Senator Gary Hart and Representative Morris Udall, each conducting congressional investigations of his own. Hart's committee has said it will pass a bill stopping nuclear construction if the Carter administration does not come up with a waste disposal plan for nuclear plants. The House committee said it would wait to see what the president recommends, based on the commission report.

Meanwhile, at the plant itself, the task of purifying 400,000 gallons of radioactive water stored in an auxiliary building since March has lately begun. It is complicated by the fact that 1,000 extra gallons a day are leaking into the building. And the whole project is just the beginning of a four-year effort to repair the damage to the plant. There are 80,000 more highly radioactive gallons of water in another building and a whole new treatment system will be built next year. In the end, the total cost of the Three Mile Island accident, including repairs and providing alternative electricity while the reactor is shut down, may reach \$1 billion.

While Three Mile Island remains the most dramatic illustration of the nuclear power industry's problems in the United States, however, it is far from the only one. Several less serious accidents have occurred in recent months. In September, operator error at the North Anna plant in Virginia caused the release of radioactive gas into the atmosphere. In October, a ruptured steam tube at a Minnesota reactor also allowed radioactive gas to leak.

Because of "sloppy" procedures and "gross mismanagement," the governors of Nevada and Washington state have closed radioactive waste dumps. That leaves the U.S. with only one such dump—in South Carolina—and officials there have refused to accept the waste burned from the western states.

Last week the department of energy released a memo that sharply cut the number of nuclear power plants expected to be in operation by the year 2000. Before the Three Mile Island accident, it said there would be 200 to 300 atomic power reactors by the turn of the century. That figure has now dropped to between 150 and 200. When a spokesman was asked if this meant the department expects Congress to call a moratorium on nuclear construction, he answered "For planning purposes, that is correct." ☐

New York

Hard times in the family trade

Robert F. Wagner Jr., New York City's most respected politician, is setting last week into a fiercely panned office down election to Mayor Edward Koch's to secure any young politician that his star is rising. But the 35-year-old deputy mayor has been familiar with his own days since he was a schoolboy: his father served three terms as mayor from 1954 to 1985.



The latest of the Wagners to prod the corridors of power (his grandfather had 13 years in the Senate), he represents more than the survival of a famous New York political dynasty. His appointment underscores the conservatism of Koch's administration. The strapped city's most under-published minority—the urban middle class—"The middle class is the key to the city's survival," explains Wagner. "It represents its reverse base. Every time a middle-class family moves to the suburbs, the city has that much less tax revenue to provide the kind of services that everybody, rich and poor alike, needs."

New York considers a firing stir

Critics, including his predecessor Herman Badillo, a longtime spokesman in 1970 but who may hit rocks ground thick and year.

Philadelphia: Kennedy turned up last week to help raise funds for Philadelphia's Democratic campaign committee. When he arrived, he was greeted by David Perlmutter, David M. Moskowitz, Kennedy's brother-in-law, who has the nation's fourth-largest city's voters he was used year. The election made Mayor Frank Rizzo's two controversial terms the council's get a substantial political swing back to his camp. Kennedy's brother-in-law, who has the nation's fourth-largest city's voters he was used year. The election made Mayor Frank Rizzo's two controversial terms the council's get a substantial political swing back to his camp.

On the other hand, school administrator Frank Macchione has just released a report indicating that fully half of New York City's high school students drop out before graduation. Those concerns pale before the disaster which could befall both Koch and Wagner if they are not able to defend one of the Big Apple's hottest of babies—the 60-cent subway fare. At present, that magic amount is maintained by massive

for the Puerto Rican community, fault Wagner's reasoning "He lives by the trickle-down theory, putting efforts into middle Manhattan and hoping it will trickle down into Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx," says Badillo. But New York's position is that there is smart money to trickle anywhere. And to make matters even more difficult for Wagner, he has been charged with overseeing three of the city's conflict and most controversial services: health care, education and transit.

Health care has had labor-union affiliates and minority leaders in anger for months. New York maintains 17 municipal hospitals, 10 more than any other city in the nation. With budget-cutting, a top priority, the mayor has vowed to close four, a plan Wagner will have to help execute and changes that hospital workers will become welfare clients, while residents of poor areas lack the most basic medical services.

On the education front, schools administrator Frank Macchione has just released a report indicating that fully half of New York City's high school students drop out before graduation. Those concerns pale before the disaster which could befall both Koch and Wagner if they are not able to defend one of the Big Apple's hottest of babies—the 60-cent subway fare. At present, that magic amount is maintained by massive

Warm-ups for the main event

While President Jimmy Carter and his rival, Senator Edward Kennedy, continue to hog the headlines, this week's off-year elections will highlight many of the issues that will confront the presidential candidates next year—the economy, energy, aging and women's and gay rights. So the results will be seen as harbingers of things to come. The key races are in Kentucky: Wendell Ford, John F. Brown Jr. and his former Miss America wife Phyllis George, see what may be the year's most glamorous campaign. Soft on the issues, but hardworking and slick in television commercials, the outgoing Governor of Kentucky Fred Bise is a leader governor then Louie Nunn, a Republican and entrepreneur, Brown's political experience is limited but his business acuity may make him Kentucky Democrats hope it will do the same for this one.

Meanwhile: For the first time since the late 1970s the Green South state may elect a Republican governor. It's a close race between St. Camacho, a 50-year-old banker and his Democratic opponent former lieutenant-governor William Weyer. The loss of one of the party's traditional strongholds could have serious repercussions for Carter who easily won almost all the southern states

in 1970 but who may hit rocks ground thick and year.

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George and Brown: slick and rich

did not the way have to face him at a December rally.

Catherine Fox

Los Angeles

The lair of the Hillside Strangler

The house at 708 East Colorado St. looks like a thousand others in its seedy Los Angeles suburb. Nothing special either, said neighbors, about seamy Angelo Buono and Kenneth Bianchi—except that they sometimes played Buono's \$1,800 stereo system too loud and too late. In fact, however, said police last week, 708 was the lair of the city's "Hillside Strangler" and in it at least nine young women had been abused, raped and murdered, before their naked or semi-clad bodies were dumped down lonely hillside.

After pleading guilty to five of the slayings, bulky, handsome Kenneth Bianchi, 38, last week was sentenced to life in prison—the south for conspiracy to commit murder—plus a 100-year term for having sodomized one victim. A former security guard who "always wanted to be a policeman," Bianchi had earlier been given two life terms for the murder of two university students in Berkeley, 16-slayings, a few miles below the Canadian border. "Before I can learn to live with myself," he sobbed, dabbing his cheek moisture as the TV camera rolled, "I must do everything to get Angelo and give my life to psychiatric study, so that others won't fol-



Photo and (left) Buono and Bianchi photo sessions, rape and murder

low in my footsteps."

By naming Buono as his accomplice and pleading guilty, Bianchi had evaded a death sentence. The butcher-faced Buono, 46, a sex addict, is charged with 16 counts of murder, but has yet to enter a plea. The two are cousins by adoption. Buono's aunt took the illegitimate Bianchi from a foster home when he was 2



Photo and (left) Buono and Bianchi photo sessions, rape and murder

It was the end of a reign of terror for L.A. women, and of a two-year manhunt for a task force of 131 investigators. The district attorney's 25-count complaint against the pair tells a chilling story. Their first act, he says, was to set up a prostitution ring. But soon the talk turned to killing. After the death of victim No. 1, a 19-year-old Hollywood waitress, Bianchi and, allegedly, Buono went on a murder spree that took 10 lives in four months. One victim was a girl of 12. Nearly all the women were strangers to Bianchi, yet most went voluntarily with him at the height of the stranger scare. Why? "Because he was a superb sex man," says Bellingham Police Chief Terry Morgan, a priest turned small-town cop who cracked the case. "He was planning more killings here. But when we told a girl he'd talked into posing for nude photo sessions, she wouldn't believe he was anything but a real or a stateside guy."

While Bianchi was harboring away a possible death sentence, self-confessed hit man Jeanie Bishop was put to death in Carson City, Nevada, for murdering bridegroom David Ballard, 29, in a casino holdup in Las Vegas. The difference between the two cases was one between pragmatism and pride. Bishop, a cocaine heroin addict and decorated Korean War paratrooper, could have delayed his execution and might have avoided it altogether with an appeal. But he refused because, he said, his death was inevitable and delays would only cause his family more distress. Commenting on the two cases, a spokesman for the neo-capital punishment American Civil Liberties Union said: "It's just another grisly quick on our legal system. This isn't the famous justice for all, it's justice for now."

William Seebie/William Lowther

Sports

Time to blow horns for this Gabriel

By Roy MacGregor

"Their career was swinging in on his hip, eh?" Terry Gabriel said to the indulgent smiles. "And he yells 'June, pour me a double martini!' So she gets him out and he slugs her back. 'June,' he shouts. 'Another! That Tarran,' she says, 'you never drink—what's wrong?' 'June,' he says, 'it's a jungle out there.'"

Gabriel looked out over the Wednesday gathering of Ottawa's Wild Carrot Quarterback Club, his broken-pattern face beaming a response. But there was only a guess, several means, one short sympathetic titter from the senior citizens' table near the front. The local radio broadcaster, hosting the luncheon said dryly, "Mystery, Tony." For 30 minutes the broadcaster had been flogging his own jokes through the crowd and he seemed it was now time to move from the safe to the serious. "Tell me, Terry," he said to introduce the weekly question period, "why are you having such a crappy year?"

Gabriel spluttered into his coffee and tried to shift past the question. But he couldn't shoo it. Not then, not even the past Saturday when, early in the first quarter, Ottawa against Montreal, Gabriel shook clear of the Alouette secondary and wrapped his lobster's hemis around a Rough Rider punter for an magnificent six-yard gain. Insignificant only in terms of that particular game, however, as Montreal went on to win handily. "I wish it had been something more," Gabriel said on the sidelines. "Even a first down." But the catch was important because this was the 189th consecutive game in which Gabriel has caught a football, a record not only for Canada but for all of North American pro football (the previous record, 165, was set by American Dan Abernethy, who played for New Orleans and San Francisco between 1967 and 1973). Harold Caragher of the Philadelphia Eagles was looking for his 182nd consecutive game catch the next day.

Still, Gabriel would have to do much more to compare favorably with last seasons, when he won both best Canadian and Schenley Most Outstanding Player awards, or the three previous best Outstanding Canadian awards, or

the Gabriel mask that is known simply as The Gosh—the literally and figuratively frozen moment when Gabriel pulled in the pass that brought Ottawa from behind to beat Saskatchewan with only 16 seconds left in the 1986 Grey Cup game. This is an impressive legacy for a Canadian, one whose official football designation in his own country is "non-import"—believed by some to be the American short-form for non-important.

But Terry Gabriel's most appreciated contribution would not even warrant an asterisk in the record books. Tarran jokes and all, he has served as an instant reminder over this decade that football is simply a game, and that playing is supposed to be fun. He laughs at his abilities and he cries at his victories, shouting up at last year's Schenley awards with two hours' speeches written out, one for each category. When he won both, he was unable to do anything but steele at the podium and howl.

Gabriel's catch: a North American record



His is a rags-to-riches story, from the sixth of 12 children born in Burlington, Ontario, in a poor junior and his wife from Czechoslovakia, to a four-year contract in Ottawa, rumored to be worth \$250,000. But the effort has been minimal.

His concept of team spirit is still as strong as it was back in Grade 6, when he came up for his first football team. "With both wishes from all the Riders," he insists on signing his autographs, "and especially from Terry Gabriel." It is a mascot that has somehow survived the firelight.

There are parts of that story that would shame even Knute Rockne. In an age when "Moose" has become a football term both on and off the field, Gabriel proudly says he was nothing but Cuke—the kind that's smugged, not scooped—to get up for a game. He says gay players have but one question to answer: "Can you play football?" And though his own team-mates have walked out on his inspirational speeches, he proudly tells a captive press conference two years ago that: "If I have only one life to lead, let me live it as a Rider."

Gabriel will likely get his wish, and he has no pathetic hope that his gift will last forever. "I'd like to quit football before football quits me," he says, and to that end he has begun work selling stocks in Ottawa. "There are some guys who like the smell of the dressing room and there are those who don't need to be there," he says. "I think that. I'll be able to close the book on football!"

Rita Christopher

Has he ever lied to you before?

By Anthony Whitham

For Jerry Goodin, the summer of 1979 will stay burned in memory—the turning point at age 50, when his professional security seemed to collapse. Ten years ago, as Canada's rising star in the advertising profession, he predicted euphorically that he would "never have an ulcer." Yet the past few months have exacted a terrible toll—on the standards of a profession sometimes known for its cynicism, even cruel, turns of fortune. This year has seen Goodin, Goldberg, Sorens (GGS)—the Toronto advertising agency he founded more than 30 years ago—reeling by huge losses of business and mendacious management changes. Then the final blow: late last week Goodin took the ultimate step which most industry watchers knew was inevitable. He quit GGS.

It was a hard and mortifying decision for a man like Goodin—proud, emotional, even vain—who had achieved a status unequalled in Canadian advertising: fame and recognition for commercials which the guy on the street recognizes and remembers immediately. Soaps, soft drinks and cigarettes have come and gone. Biting tens of millions of television screens, but almost every Canadian can remember that at Speedy, you're "a somebody" and, earlier, may have worn Flash Puppies because of the Goodin ads. "Jerry may have annoyed a lot of people and got a lot of backs up in the industry over the years for being such a show-off," says a longtime colleague, "but he was always an idealist. I guess you'd have to say a failed idealist."

All throughout last week, the Toronto advertising community buzzed with rumors that something big was afoot in the powerful corridors of Maclean's. Internext, the huge establishment ad agency that "merged" with GGS four years ago and, as a result, came to control the fate of Goodin himself. While some industry observers chalked up the silence, saying it would be "just like Jerry" to spring back this week with some headbashed new plan to save the world—and his own hide—many were reading a darker message into the silence. The facts widely known were that Goodin had gradually fallen from grace at Internext during the four years since the merger. His own agency GGS—which he essentially abandoned after the merger, preferring to move into the



Goodin (right) and Rothstein before split capricious, even cruel, turns of fortune

"big league" at Internext, a move which he now says he regrets—was in disarray, having lost nearly one-half of its business in several sudden strokes this summer.

Meanwhile, the parent MacLaren agency was having troubles of its own, notably the loss of huge significant chunks of federal government advertising business following the defeat of the Liberal party in Ottawa, to which MacLaren has traditionally been linked. Though still the chief agency for such clients as General Motors, Canadian General Electric and Molson's Brewery, MacLaren is believed to have lost up to 20 per cent of its business within the past year, and Goodin, whose chief function in recent times was the packaging and selling of the Trudeau Liberals, was clearly one of the prime in-house casualties.

Starting last July with a much-needed return to save GGS—in effect, a removal from the larger affairs of the Internext parent—Goodin's path since then has traced an erratic and obscure course. First as president, then as chairman

and again of his old agency. A "blood-letting" along the way saw the removal of Douglas Linton, GGS president during the Internext interregnum, along with a significant handful of other long-time GGS employees, and the subsequent appointment of Mark Rothstein as president—the 34-year-old manager assigned by Internext to put the GGS house back in order.

Last week Rothstein summed up the current situation at GGS succinctly: "There has been a complete change of management here during the past few months. In effect, GGS is a new agency." The question that had been growing in many people's minds was whether there was any room in this "new agency" for Jerry Goodin. Obviously there wasn't. And on Friday, Goodin admitted to Maclean's all the events of the past four months had really amounted to little more than playing-acting—"though I had to do my duty"—as he already knew the end was at hand.

Many within the advertising community will mutter that misfortune couldn't have befallen two more worthy candidates—as neither Goodin nor MacLaren has ever been particularly well-

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liked among their peers, a feeling generated in part by the sheer resonance of success. The shake-up of Goodie and MacLaren is nothing less than the joining of two venerable and, for a long time, inextricable institutions in Canadian advertising. The pundits will say, "I told you so"—that the Goodie/MacLaren merger was doomed from the start. And they will say that if there was a "winner" it was MacLaren, who can continue to use the Goodie name without having to put up with the may author of the man himself.

Goodie says he has a "wonderful new job lined up" which he'll be announcing sometime in the next few days—and it's undoubtedly true. But his move betrays the obvious strain of the past few "painful weeks"—and, underlying it all, the terrible fear that after all the brilliant years of surviving, it may be possible in the end to become a nobody. ☐

In praise of famous words

barely a week after Michael Bloomberg resigned as Jimmy Carter's treasury secretary, more than 50 speaking invitations had piled up on his desk. He has been picking and choosing ever since, but he has readily accepted one from a group in Toronto called Universal Speakers Incorporated. Bloomberg's luncheon speech in Toronto last month marked the midpoint in the company's debut season—a series that started in April with the silver-haired Alvin Egan, former Israeli minister of foreign affairs, and ended last June with Henry Kissinger of the golden mouth (Kissinger will take home something like \$15,000 U.S., plus expenses for himself, his baggage and his advance security team. For new immigrants, like me, now said to be asking \$20,000).

The concept of setting up a company with the aim of making money through packaging high-profile speakers along with a luncheon menu surfaced last year in Calgary, but it didn't offer a two-managed Two Toronto marionettes, Bruce Seaver and Harry Litterer, thought a night here would be long in the little Apple, if they gave it a tipster. Litterer, of reviving the anonymous public and starting from scratch with every lunch, they put together a sales/presentation. To attract the eye of the corporate community? The names they chose were international, as Canadian speakers have traditionally been well-represented at the Empire and Canadian clubs, Toronto's two long-standing luncheon speaker clubs. Tickets were priced at \$56. Companies could buy a



table or a half-table at the same rate. To boost black sales there was an imaginative extra, a private pre-lunch reception where the chief executive of each subscribing firm could chat directly with the stellar point in an atmosphere of elevated intimacy.

The series led off brilliantly with Egan, then settled into a dreary stretch with the remnants of U.S. Republicanism. They were free to jock fodder—the sporting crowd, chaired with Gerald Ford about golf and with Ronald Reagan about football—but the series clearly needed a new boost of pizzazz. Enter Nina Wright, a wily public rela-

tions specialist with offices in Toronto and New York and contacts everywhere. She accepted an invitation to join partners and has been enlivening the series ever since. "We had a list of objectives," she says. "We looked for people actively involved in current or future planning or policy." Fifty-five possibilities were penciled in. Last in hand, Wright called nearly 500 influential Torontonians for their inclinations to her names. Several prospects were women. "It was very interesting," she recalls

Litterer and Seaver flanking former U.S. President Ford through the air ducts

All dressed up and somewhere to go

Not so long ago, Thomas R. Bell really *was* in the rag trade. Textile manufacturing meant sweatshops and narrow margins between profits and losses. But after weaving a better paid '74 yarn in Montreal, Quebec, Textile Inc., at which Bell is president, has put antitrust-related earnings up 266 per cent in the first quarter of 1980—'an industry that analysts consider to be chaotic as hell'.

At Dominion Canada's largest textile manufacturer, the spin is as rugged as denim.

Canada's textile industry has had its problems over the years. This last crisis came in 1975 when trade and garment imports from the Third World flooded Canada, gobbling up more than 50 per cent of the market. But crucial word of only the entire industry—from textile producers to clothing manufacturers to retailers—cried



"during" and the federal government

"They weren't worried Ray Graham, Barbara Walters—not even Jane Fonda." Negotiations have been painstaking. Kissinger wouldn't come on his birthday. General Alexander Haig Jr. had to be locked surreptitiously as he hadn't yet resigned as NATO commander. Elaborate security was required for Reagan and especially for Ford—"more than 20 men," says Seater. "They literally climbed through the air ducts."

Sales of the series have depended largely on personal contacts and word of mouth, with a boost from the publicity value of the speakers. Attendance dropped after the first hour, which was packed with fans of Egan, but Seater says corporate subscriptions have grown steadily from 56 companies, buying 375 seats, to 86 at the last lunch, accounting for 538 individual sales. Selling up to 200 more and Seater predicts a profit by the end of the season if all commitments are honored. What brings them in? "The speakers are top quality, personality and—best of all—the scent of power... the feeling of savouring dropping in the clutches of influence."

Art Calhoun

Flights in the midnight sun

On a surface "north of 60" appears to be in the bush for Wardair Canada Ltd., the large Edmonton-based charter airline company, which last last month announced it is ending



Contact's Larry Black, (right) Wardair's contacts are your own and fish over pelts



55 years of freer flying service and to closing down operations in Yellowknife, N.W.T. But for plucky little Contact Airways Ltd. of Fort McMurray, Alberta, a mere 400 miles of trackless forest and making to the north—the bush is definitely the place to be. While Wardair President Max Ward says northern business dwindled in recent years, Contact's owner, Jack Bergman, says business "has never been better." The difference, explains Wardair Vice-President George Carley, is a matter of size and pace. "The fact is, Yellowknife is in a stagnation period these days, while Fort McMurray and Whitehorse are booming."

Part of the advantage for a company like Contact is that, unlike Wardair, it is small and nimble. Since buying the fledgling company in 1963 for \$20,000, when it consisted of a single airplane and himself as pilot—Bergman has seen company revenues grow from \$5,000 to \$3 million last year, with a staff of 35 now required to operate the company's 16 planes. Though the peak summer season with its fishermen and hunter trade is over, the Contact hauler is still beating with aircraft on missions that include firefighting, air ambulance runs and, most of all, ferrying corporate clients to and from the north for oil, gas and other resources. "We [Gulfstream] to the north is shifting from Edmonton to Fort McMurray," he says, citing the recent approval of the gas/gulfstream project, 60 miles north of Fort McMurray, under development by Shell Canada Ltd. and other companies. The Bergman retains doubts about all the "southern" suburban and western with their rods, guns and Bales. Recalling his earlier days, when he was first freight, not people, he says, "Sometimes it's better just to haul fish. Your secrets are your own—and fish never poke in the pants."

Roberta Walker

which had been suffering on a list of dozen reports and recommendations for more than five years. Finally moved to curb the export-imposed market. With deep-sea labor and international development fund grants, and without North American commercial rebates. The policy is to build a more robust competitive edge that can seriously dent the Canadian market's sales.

Costs are a constant concern for Canadian manufacturers. Tell a few years ago, for example, engineering advances allowed production to keep pace with rising salaries but today inflation-linked wage demands are forcing textile firms to find new ways of increasing production. Seven-day week operation and shift management—productivity gains—has eased Contact's answers, says Bell. Export advantages the company could be earning from the low rate of the Canadian dollar are likely offset when it buys raw cotton from the U.S. and new machinery usually paid for in costly Swiss francs and West German marks.

Bell of Contact, sweatshops and thin line

With the domestic market share of Canadian companies sales for the first time under the new federal arrangements, Contact is trying its hand at reversing the report trend—by selling short-term into the international marketplace. After acquiring two industries, Inc. a bank and debt-free U.S. textile firm, four years ago, Dominion Textile has built up a \$15 million worth of international sales. Denim and corduroy of which Contact is one of North America's largest retail outlets are experiencing a solid revival after a period of oversupply in the mid-1970s. To demand, the company will accommodate next year with expansion of three of its 18 Contact plants and a \$24-million expansion project in Georgia. Total Contact sales in 1979 were \$67 million. And profit margins are improving, Bell without much of the dust of which a better year is away—enough design aggressive marketing and keen management. Dominion Textile is today known in the trade as a well-run firm—as witnessed by the fact that it draws its nearest Canadian competitors.

Larry Black

With money going mad, what this country will soon need is a good 5,000-cent cigar

By Roderick McQueen

The whole thing was preordained last August during the federal election, when Joe Clark was campaigning in southern Ontario. "We also intend," he told an applauding crowd, "to move this country to lower interest rates." Then he went main-streeting in the city of Cambridge to the music of *Stand in the Clouds*. An Ottawa's new money, he adds the spotlight at centre stage, it's clear that the province administration's high-interest trapdoor machine

The members have caused such nervousness that the whole thing has the ring of a dirty joke with explosive depleted Canadianers are unlikely to declare 1979 as the International Year of the Bitch, simply because there are no leaders for such a revolt. Certainly not from the business world. Those household names follow the central bank's pointing finger and pass hot-potato price increases on to the consumer who can only shrug for catch-up wage gains. Nor is there leadership from Opposition politicians who do an oversight mosey



the bank, the blame and the blame of government at large only somewhat counter than a rock, but not as smart as a radish. Maybe it's the time of year as we northern beasts hunker down for winter with face coats of seasoned firewood, but the response is a bathhouse boom in so far only sense. Mortgage rates now again have won a back-to-back 14.75 per cent, new construction, usually slow in winter, will cease; the real estate market will shrivel as buyers balk at the cost of money or fail to qualify at all; homeowners whose five-year mortgages are up for renewal will find the new monthly payments a new-fashioned pickpocket. A bank-financed sofa will cost almost 17 per cent and bank charge cards, everybody's plastic face in public, are headed for the networth of 20 per cent. Business must expand, demand for goods will drop, a recession with double-digit inflation is sure to come.

But even with such monetary nagging, there is no countryside protest.

much from multinational slip-offs to read new prices, just as they can try to grab a larger piece of the national pie. The government could, by statute, reject Boney's recommendations and step this mad dash to the roof where there's nothing to do but jump. These days, however, the entire social-conservative Red Tory wing of the Conservative party has shrunk so much that it can now be seated around one dining-room table. In government, better Fed than Red. With low approved rate increases since the May 12 election, it's clear that in the world of money wrongs the policemen might change but the criminal code they follow remains the same.

This week, Finance Minister John Crosbie follows Boney's grey and uneventful appraisals before the House of Commons standing committee on finance, trade and economic affairs. It will be testimony that all part of Crosbie's role in *A Man Called Entreprenuer*, a movie so bad that it should have been

made for radio. When interest rates rise in the U.S., his script reads, they must also rise in Canada as the Canadian dollar would weaken and investment money would flow out of the country to find better rates. It's hard to prove the theory as theory or ideology because rates move in both countries like linked boxes being shunted on a railroad siding. Ironically, the day following the U.S. move last week, and before Canadian rates were upped that evening, the Canadian dollar actually strengthened to 94.6 cents (U.S.) from 94.4 cents. Canada has traded its colonial mother countries for one bitch goddess who keeps us in line.

And to what end? Interest rates close to U.S. levels (where inflation is 13.8 per cent) are not necessary to fight the 96-per-cent inflation in Canada. Canada is so caught up in the American economic quagmire that a U.S. bank's reporting blunder may have triggered the two recent interest hikes in both countries. Further, with annual imports of \$40 billion, much of Canada's inflation slips in untrunked. And every time the Canadian dollar drops another two cents against the U.S. dollar, there's an additional one per cent stuffed into the cost. The expected 50-cent oil-price increase in 1980 will add another 1.6 per cent.

Fighting that reality may be as hopeless as three million Canadians peered on the border with picketers trying to bring down a B-52. Canadians will only show their disagreement by staying away from loans with reckless abandon—exactly the dangerous effect the central bank desires. Thus, even apathy plays a part in the system which won't change unless the banks adopt an idea such as the one the supermarkets have polished to a high shine—lower prices, no name products. With a no-name loan, you see, the borrower doesn't know where the money is coming from. That's got to be an improvement over the way things are now—when you don't know where your money's going.

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It's done at all demonstrates that the Pointer Sisters are among those too few American black performers currently willing to sing anything hard or bitter. Attacking Ian Hunter's *Who Do You Love* and Bruce Springsteen's *(She's Got) The Power* with raw gusto, they can make you forget that none of the material is original.

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After a wait of more than two years, it's rewarding to hear Britt kick off with a husky, spirited version of Isaac Hayes's *I Thank You*. Whether blousy or belting, she's always hearty. *Blonde* by the Same Old Love and *(Green) Wild for You*. Both are as good as anything she has ever done. David Livingstone



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The salvation of Canadian society may be in taking our clothes off in public

By Barbara Amiel

One day last winter I decided to be charitable. So it was that I found myself standing in a straggle line (behind the cash register of a local grocer, clutching a large box of the old remedy, New Citrus. Each moment of the lengthy wait confirmed this was-
dam of my decision: what is a human being who lacks charity? My friend was lying in bed, her face blotchy and raw from the friction between skin and hairbrush, and I was about to bring her the symptomatic relief she desired. "New Citrus, please," she had whimpered, which had turned out not to be a European car, as I initially feared, nor a nasty new political movement which had escaped my vigilant eye, but rather some sort of lemonade-drink to stop the shuffles.

I reached the counter, "Have you used this product before?" asked the cashier. "No, I haven't, actually," fiddled I with a wary smile. "Well, you can't buy it till you've talked to the pharmacist. Go to the back of the line." Charity inspired—nearly 2,000 years of His influence could not be so easily dispelled. "I'm buying it for a friend who has used it before," I reassured "Burr," said the cashier, "that's what the law is." "Is it against the law to buy it over the counter?" I asked. "No," shrugged the store assistant, "it's against store policy. It keeps the government off our backs." I persevered. "It's not against the law, then, I'll buy some right here." The cashier was triumphant. "No," she said. "What makes you think you're above the system?"

Ah, the system. Of course the answer was simple. We are all above the system. We have spent a great deal of time honing the very system that allows us to be above it—in position, again, and cheaply it. We still live—even if not willingly into rather than more—under the rule of law, and while we sit we are challenged by tantamount crimes such as myself. This is not to condone the juvenile sort of rebellion that would, for example, automatically reject a law prohibiting the sale of New Citrus ex-

cept by prescription if such a precaution were shown to be necessary. But in this case the only excuse for restricting its sale was vague little noises about "conscience care" and "allergic reactions"—noises that could so easily lead to sales-by-prescription-only of sugar, butter and sweetly underlined—and probably will, if our regulation-crazed legislators have their way.

But to blame legislators alone is scapegoating. Canadians of all genres seem to suffer from a reflex futility-tugging that makes us the most passive



in the Western world, with the possible exception of the great automotive society of Sweden who manifest their rebellion every now and then by jumping off roofs at a considerably higher rate than we do. We refrain from burning atomic leaves in our backyards to please city councils. We fill out forms to park our cars in front of our own houses. We buy inedible sandwiches in order to have a drink. We line up patiently to stare on a Sunday because of secular laws limiting the number of employees on the Sabbath. We are almost Germanic or Japanese in our obedience to regulations, as if the great movements of individualism that swept Britain, France and America from when they, but the St. Lawrence River Pass the War Measures Act, mention the laws governing blasphemy and obscenity and carry on. This "obedience" ranges from minuscule laws to those affecting our vital interests.

"There's no duty on antique clocks," my sister told me after looking up an

extraordinary crate of Victorian-looking springs and coils from Canada customs. "Then why did you pay all that money?" I asked. "They charged duty on the transportation and crating," she replied plainly. "Well, it's just what they charge me for the Canada Pension Plan and the Unemployment Insurance for my so poor girl. You see, she's not even eligible but when I complained about paying, Ottawa explained it was a hidden tax because I was employing a non-Canadian."

Complain, I thought. Whine. Write to your MP. I moved to agitate about our law that in effect could prevent any private person from publishing anything personally unfavorable about a candidate before an election. Given that approach in the U.S., so one could write anything during campaign season about, say, U.S. Congressmen. With Mr. Milin's exotic escapades along Washington's Tidal Basin. If complaining doesn't catch the attention of the legislators or the press, perhaps we should try taking off our clothes.

For the same passivity that infects Canadians in their attitude to arbitrary laws is found in spasms in our media. Genuine protest against the status quo is conducted only by small, unconnected, often eccentric groups, ranging from Toronto's gay-friendly seller John Bullock to the Citizens' Coalition or the new RALLY movement. Important though such groups are to the fabric of democracy, they rarely expose the interests of the media and certainly do not have the intellectual outlets that dissenting voices have in the U.S. and England, clustered around such established magazines as *The Public Interest* and *Commentary* or the *Spectator* (and, yes, *Private Eye*). In Canada, our print and electronic media have little interest in alternate voices. Unless they can only do so off. While our the brilliance of the Dockelbros and maybe the salvation of society. Perhaps, as each find people with both the bodies and brains to jolt this passive land out of its long sleep. Any volunteers?



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Education

Instructing the jury of their peers

This month, high-school students in Brandon, Manitoba, will become the first in Canada to sit on juries, helping a judge choose punishment to fit the crime of juvenile offenders. The juries of six won't judge guilt or innocence. Instead, they will sit in on selected family court cases to give the sentencing judge a youthful perspective on the case. The experimental program, included in recommendations of the provincial Juvenile Justice Committee, is new to Canada, but a version of it has been tried in several American states.

In Denver, Colorado, where a juvenile jury program began last April, jurors aged 12 to 17 are chosen from high schools to hear cases involving offenders who haven't been before the courts and usually have admitted guilt. "The crimes involved are usually minor,

including drunkenness, theft and automobile offenses," says Debbie Beard, a Denver program worker. But the jurors can also hear cases involving more serious offenses, such as the possession of weapons.

The Denver program, according to Beard, has sparked keen interest in the legal system among high-school students. Manitoba's Attorney-General Gerry Blelson hopes the Brandon experiment will do the same. "The main value of the program, if it works, will be educational," he says. "The advice of an offender's age peers will help the judge, but the major value is the exposure it will give students to the court system."

Judge Brian Giesbrecht, who will be the first to lend his ear to the unpaid jurors, agrees. "It's impossible to say yet if their advice will be helpful, but

we're determined to give it a good try. We're hoping the schools will make lots of potential jurors and may even want to include this as part of a social-studies course. The experience would be very valuable from an educational point of view." Giesbrecht says student jurors usually won't hear cases one day a month rather than every day. The cases will involve minor infractions, such as vandalism and careless driving. As usual, the Crown and the defence will have a right to challenge those sitting on the jury, but Giesbrecht hopes the process will be much less complicated than in other courts.

Apart from its educational value, he sees the experiment as a serious attempt to involve the community more in its own problems—dispelling the widespread idea that closed doors, courts do little more than administer gentle wrist taps. "I think it's well worth trying in selective cases," says Giesbrecht. "But I wouldn't want to involve these jurors in serious cases. I don't think we'll even deal with drug offences, at least initially."

For offenders, perhaps that's just as well. Sorisite Steinberg, director of the Denver program, says juvenile juries there were drug offenders with a jaundiced eye, even though some of the jurors themselves may have experimented with "pot." They became particularly annoyed with offenders who sell drugs. Before topics discuss the juvenile-justice experiment as evidence of further pandering to the worst-behaving school they may want to check the record in the very few instances in the U.S. where juvenile advice has been ignored, it has been because courts and probationary services considered it too slow.

Peter Carlyle-Goodger

Lessons of a mother whale

Seven education is being hard to toddlers in Western Canada. That sounds like a tabloid headline, but it's no invention. A seal-bear was crunched with whale ribs, skulls and snails, tapes of whales singing, puppets and costumes, the work will visit elementary centres in Kelowna, Penticton and Castlegar, British Columbia. On

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